The Outlook

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A Sane New Year's Celebration

The country has heard much during the last two or three years of the need for a "safe and sane" celebration of the Fourth of July. Last summer public opinion heartily supported the Mayor of the city of New York in his successful plan for directing Fourth of July enthusiasm into better and more enjoyable channels. The same sort of practical reform is needed in the public and incoherent treatment of New Year's Eve. Many of the large American cities appear to be growing tired of the reproach that has come upon New Year's Eve through the revelry and rough-housing to which it has been given over for years. The spirit of the crowds in the streets—largely a spirit of thoughtlessness, we think—was well expressed by the slogan that was so often heard last year, "To hell with the Old Year; hooray for the New!" Chicago, San Francisco, and Boston are endeavoring to supply public festivities of a different type during holiday week. New York has now actively joined this admirable movement by forming a committee of a dozen well-known citizens who propose to mass brass bands and great choruses in some of the public squares along Broadway in the last hour of the Old Year and sing it out, and the New Year in, with such songs as Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "Auld Lang Syne," and "America," when the clock strikes twelve. The man who saw this vision, who got the committee together, and who by personal enthusiasm started the movement which has now grown into a practical organization, believes that all outdoor New York will join in the chorus and that a new pace will be set for New Year's Eve in the future. He knows the spirit and temper of New York, high and low, perhaps as no other one single citizen knows them, and if he has confidence in this plan every one else may too. His name is Jacob A. Riis.

A Christmas Greeting from Henry Street

Mr. Riis is interested in a sane and joyous celebration of the holiday season not merely for Broadway and Fifth Avenue but for the lower East Side. One of the most useful of the so-called "settlements" in New York is the Jacob Riis Neighborhood House, which was named in honor of Mr. Riis and of which he is the President. This is appropriate, for perhaps no other one individual in New York City represents as distinctively as he the spirit of helpful comradeship which finds in Chicago its embodiment in Jane Addams. Those who are reading Mr. Riis's "Life Stories of the Other Half" as they appear in The Outlook will be glad, we believe, to read also the following note from him about Henry Street:

> We also keep Christmas in Henry Street. Gifts we have none to send, but we give you good will and neighborly greeting. It is a fair return for your money, for without these the money helps us little, and you not at all. If any one were to put a nice summer home in our stocking this year, he would hit us just right, for we shall soon lose our grip on Twin Island. The city will want it back. If you haven't that, our treasurer will be glad for your checks, lean or fat, with your holiday wishes. Just make them out to Lilian House Brooks, Treasurer, 48 Henry Street, New York City. She can use them.

The Peace Centenary

The end of a hundred years of unbroken peace between Great Britain and the United States is an international event of immense significance. It is to be observed on both sides of the water impressively and in several ways. Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found the first of two articles by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, in which are discussed in brilliant and incisive fashion

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the disagreements which have arisen during the past century between the two countries. The obvious lesson to be drawn is that, the more trying these differences have been, the more creditable and honorable it is to both countries that a peaceful way out has invariably been found. Last week a notable meeting was held at the historic Mansion House in London under the auspices of the British Committee which was organized a year ago. The Lord Mayor of London presided and urged that the centenary be celebrated " in an imperial, imposing, and impressive manner, worthy of the great occasion, in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and all English-speaking lands." Earl Grey, who is President of the British Committee, read a letter written by the late Whitelaw Reid only a few days before his death, in which he expressed the most ardent interest in the movement and declared that failure to give it worthy celebration would be a crime. Letters from members of the American Committee were read, giving the assurance of appropriate action on this side the water. Earl Grey stated that one method of celebration which had been submitted to the American Committee was that commemorative monuments of a suitable character should be erected in England, the United States, and Canada. Specifically it has been proposed that a monument should be erected in Westminster Abbey to George Washington. This proposal was heartily approved by the British Committee, as well as the proposal that the ancestral home of the Washington family, Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire, should be purchased and maintained as a place of pilgrimage for Americans and all interested in the history of English-speaking peoples. This ancient building has over its doorway the Washington coat of arms, which was the origin of our Stars and Stripes. The British Committee showed eagerness to honor George Washington in recognition of the influence for good exerted on successive generations of both peoples by his splendid qualities. Another proposal which has been commended by both British and American Committees is for promoting in various ways educational plans which should mark the essential union of the two peoples, such as peace centenary prizes for essays on Anglo-American relations, international lectureships, and other means for promoting through educational channels the growth and increase not only of the mutual respect and good will between the two peoples, but also fuller knowledge by each of the other. The American Committee, which originated this movement, gave a farewell dinner to the retiring British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, about two weeks ago, at which the proposed celebration was eloquently approved by the guest of the evening, by ex-Ambassador Joseph H. Choate, and by the Hon. Alton B. Parker, who presided. An international conference of delegates from the British, the Canadian, and the American Committees is to be held in New York next spring, at which definite plans will be formulated. Among the proposals of the American Committee are the erection of a statue of Queen Victoria at Washington, the placing of statues of the Earl of Chatham and Edmund Burke in appropriate localities, the erection of a free International Bridge at Niagara Falls, and the historical study of the Century of Peace by the children of the public schools during the autumn of 1914.

The London Peace Conference

The sessions of the Conference at London between representatives of the Balkan allies and Turkey opened last week. The personnel of the Conference recalls that of the similar Conference at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1905 between the Russian and Japanese representatives which closed the Russo-Japanese War. As a counterpart to the calmness and conviction of Count Komura, Japan's chief ambassador, there is the attitude at London of the Greek Prime Minister, Venezelos. As a counterpart to the shrewdness of Count Witte, Russia's chief ambassador at Portsmouth, there is the attitude of that astute Turk, Rechad Pasha. There are other interesting personalities—the Bulgarian Danef, who has much of the " hustle and bustle " of an American ; the Servian Novakovich, ex-Premier, and an experienced statesman ; finally, the Montenegrin, Miyuskovich, who has been called as keen a diplomatist as any of the delegates. The sessions of the Conference quickly developed the fact that the contests over other points were subsidiary to that over the possession of Adrianople. The Turks, it seems, will not give up that fortress except after a strenuous struggle, which is natural, for their attachment to Adrianople is threefold. First of all, it is historically the most notable city in Europe to them ; it was the first Moham-

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medan capital of Turkey-in-Europe; indeed, it was the capital of the Ottoman Empire, 1361–1453. Its former large population has now shrunk to about seventy thousand. Nevertheless, its material importance is enormous, and affords the second reason for Turkish attachment. Situated at the junction of three rivers coming from Bulgaria, it commands eastern Bulgaria. Moreover, situated on the only railway connecting eastern Bulgaria with the Ægean Sea, it commands any territorial gains to the south which, as a result of the war, might be assured to Bulgaria. In the third place, Adrianople is the greatest of Turkish fortresses; it has resisted a two months' close investment by the Bulgarians, and gives little sign of any immediate fall. With regard to Adrianople, as with regard to the other conditions of peace, the Turkish delegates at London seem doing everything for delay. They thus hope, through the possible interposition of the Powers, to obtain better terms. But, if they must cede territory, they hope to do it on pressure from those Powers rather than at the command of the Balkan allies whom they have hitherto more or less despised.

The Balkan War: The Greek Advance

At the London Conference the Turks refused to treat with the Greeks, who, alone of the Balkan allies, had not signed the armistice. The position of the Turks was logical, but when they were reminded that they themselves had negotiated peace with Italy even though still at war with her in Tripoli, they agreed to meet with the Greek delegates. Thus Turkish and Greek delegates are treating for peace while the war between Turkey and Greece continues apparently as vigorously as ever. In it the most important event of the week was a naval battle in the Ægean at the entrance of the Dardanelles. Though the Turkish fleet included four battle-ships and they fought practically under the protection of the guns of the Dardanelles forts, the Turks were forced to beat a retreat and retire in disorder into the Straits. During the engagement the commanders of the Greek and Turkish fleets exchanged pleasantries by wireless telegraphy. For instance, the Greek admiral telegraphed: "We have occupied the island of Tenedos and await your orders," to which the Turkish admiral replied: "Your shells are falling wide. I would recommend you to take better aim." On land the principal event was an increase of the Greek pressure upon the Turkish fortress of Janina, the principal place in Epirus and not far from the Grecian frontier. The population is estimated at about twenty-five thousand, more than one-half being Greeks, in whose hands is most of the trade and industry of the place. Though the Greeks are daily pouring a larger number of shells over the crumbling walls, the Turks continue to return the fire with much show of spirit, as they have many siege guns distributed among the four forts which defend the city; the strength of the garrison there ranges from twenty thousand to thirty thousand men. The continued cessation of fighting between Turkey and the three Slav Balkan allies, despite the completion of the period at first set for the armistice, indicates that the armistice was to continue until the peace negotiations at London were settled.

Whitelaw Reid

Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador to Great Britain, died in London, after a short illness of a bronchial and asthmatic nature, on Sunday of last week. His death removes another of the personalities that were both developed in character and brought into public prominence by the Civil War. The country also loses a journalist of distinguished ability and accomplishments who believed that journalism is not a mere trade for money-making but is a profession imposing upon its members high intellectual and ethical standards. Mr. Reid was born in Xenia, Ohio, in 1837, and was graduated from Miami University, in the same State, with honors both in science and in the classics. On graduating from college he became a teacher, teaching Latin, French, and mathematics. He then turned to journalism and became the editor of a local paper in his native town. Next he took up the work of legislative correspondent and later of war correspondent for several important American newspapers, finally finding a responsible position as Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette," of which newspaper he was later one of the proprietors and editor-in-chief. In 1869 he joined the staff of the New York "Tribune," and during the campaign of 1872 succeeded Horace Greeley as its editor. In this capacity he was the associate and friend of some of the best-known literary men of the country. Under his direction

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the "Tribune" was not only a newspaper, but a literary journal. He never had the slightest sympathy with that form of journalistic "enterprise" which has developed into what is known to-day as "yellow journalism." A few years ago a New York editor, at that time President of the New York Press Club, described New York journalism as a mere manufacturing process in which the proprietor bought white paper (his raw material) at two cents a pound, ran it through a machine called a printing-press, supplying it with something called printers' ink, and sold his finished product (or newspaper) at ten cents a pound. This manufacturing view of journalism was entirely foreign to Mr. Reid's taste, attainments, and practice. If he were remembered for nothing else, he should be remembered because he exercised a fine and thoughtful influence upon American journalism. He doubtless, however, will be chiefly remembered because of his political career. Twice, in 1877 at the invitation of President Hayes and in 1881 at the invitation of President Garfield, he refused an appointment to the post of Minister to Germany. In 1889, however, President Harrison appointed him Minister to France, and he accepted and served three years with success. In 1892 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for Vice-President of the United States, but was, together with ex-President Harrison, defeated by the election of Mr. Cleveland to a second term. Returning to his editorial desk in the "Tribune" office, he was during the next few years sent on several important special ambassadorial missions, serving, for example, as special ambassador to the coronation of King Edward VII of Great Britain during the administration of Mr. Roosevelt, who finally in 1905 appointed him Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, which distinguished office he held to the day of his death. With great wealth at his command, he lived in princely fashion in London, taking Dorchester House, one of the famous and palatial houses of that capital, as his residence. Although his position and his money enabled him to assume a social position in English life that can hardly be called democratic, he did not lose his efficiency in protecting American interests. His addresses in England at various public functions were often admirable expositions of American statesmen or American political philosophy, one of the best of these addresses being a review of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, delivered two years ago, which was marked not only by felicity of language, but by a patriotic spirit and critical judgment of a high order. He received many academic honors in this country, and the University of Oxford conferred upon him in 1907 the degree of D.C.L., which is given only to men of first rank in the intellectual world. Mr. Reid was a man of refined, modest, and agreeable personality, and no one can review the almost romantic development of his career, from the day when he was a teacher to the day when he reached the highest diplomatic post that an American can obtain, without feeling that he was a man of more than ordinary gifts of mind which he put to excellent and useful service in behalf of his profession, his time, and his country.

Governor Wilson's Recent Speech

Those who regard public office as a perquisite will criticise Governor Wilson for remaining in the Governor's chair after he has been elected President of the United States. Those who regard public office as an opportunity for public service will be glad to see him continue the fight against the "invisible government" in New Jersey as long as he can do so without neglecting his larger duties to the Nation. Those official duties do not begin until the 4th of next March, but there will be not a little to do meanwhile in preparation for them. His speech last week before the Southern Society in New York City has the true ring. It is, as was appropriate for an after-dinner speech, the expression of a spirit rather than the definition of a policy; and that spirit we can better interpret to our readers by two or three single sentences than by an attempted abstract. For example:

"The important thing now is what you, and men like you, think. The Nation is made up of its thoughts and purposes."

"What we ought to think to-night is not that the Democratic party won a great victory, but that there is a vast deal to do with the United States, and that it can best be done by forgetting that we are partisans, and forgetting everything except the work for the prosperity and integrity of the Nation."

"Some men had the idea that they had been appointed trustees to do the thinking of mankind, and the building up of wealth in conformity with their own plans and purposes. That sort of intolerance no longer characterizes audiences like this, as it once did."

"The amount of wealth is less important than

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its accessibility. The more accessible we make this wealth to the people, the more energy you set free, and a nation rises up under your wand greater than the world has ever seen."

This last sentence recalls Mr. Beveridge's "Pass prosperity around," and Professor Sidgwick's "The problem of the political economy of the future is not the accumulation of wealth but its distribution." Mr. Wilson has earned the reputation of being a good fighter. If in the Presidency he attempts to carry out these sentiments in practical measures of social justice and political reform, he will have on his hands quite as bitter a fight with the bosses of the Democratic party as Mr. Roosevelt has had with the bosses of the Republican party. And in such a fight he should have the moral support of all men who believe in a democracy of education, opportunity, and wealth, and something more than a nominal democracy of political power.

Some Current Railway Questions

No other American industry affects so intimately the lives, welfare, and fortune of so many people as the railway industry. Merchants are interested in the transportation of their goods; investors in the dividends and interest they receive; wives and mothers in the safety of their families; travelers in the comfort and speed with which they reach their destination; school-girls who are going home for their Christmas vacation in the prompt delivery of their baggage; lovers in the safe carrying of their letters; scores of thousands of employees in their wages; railway presidents and superintendents in the enormous and sometimes heartbreaking load of responsibility which rests upon their shoulders. There is not an individual in the United States whose daily life is not affected in a very important way by the railways of the country. Every individual, therefore, young or old, ought to take pains to be informed about some of the railway questions which are at the present time topics of public discussion in the newspapers and periodicals, in State Legislatures and in Congress. Shall the wages of railway employees be raised? Shall freight and passenger rates be increased? Are the holders of railway stocks and bonds being paid too high a rate of interest because of over-capitalization? Are the evils of private ownership of railways so great that we shall be compelled to adopt Government ownership as the only adequate remedy? The public press is constantly reporting news which is of the most distinct human interest when it is read in the light of some of these questions. One of the unions of locomotive firemen has just made a demand for an increase of wages of the firemen, as a result perhaps of the increase in engineers' wages, based upon the decision of the semi-official Board of Arbitration which was fully reported in The Outlook of December 7. But, in their turn, the railway managers ask how they are to obtain the money for these increases of wages in view of the fact that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has recently denied their application for permission to increase freight rates. It is replied by some students of railway conditions that too large a share of railway earnings is paid out to stock and bond holders, and that a general physical valuation of railway properties in the United States will show that the railways are over-capitalized. Touching upon this aspect of the problem, the "Wall Street Journal" recently reported that the Lehigh Valley Railroad, one of the great coal-carrying railways of the country, has just finished a physical valuation of its property, which has been carried on for many months by experts not officially connected with the road. Their report estimates that the road is actually worth to-day $300,000,000. If this valuation is at all correct, the "Wall Street Journal" points out that the Lehigh Valley Railroad is earning less than five per cent upon the actual value of its property—not, of course, an excessive figure. We do not say that we accept these figures, but they certainly are of interest as throwing light upon the general railway problem. They cannot, however, be taken as a basis for legislation. Whenever physical valuation is made the basis of laws regulating the railways, the appraisers should be officers of the Government and should carry on their work under the closest public scrutiny.

Government Ownership of Railways

The problems presented by such questions as those raised in the foregoing paragraphs are so complicated and so confusing to the average layman that it is not surprising to find men turning to the possibility of Government ownership of railways as a kind of refuge in a time of economic and intellectual distress. The "Atlantic Monthly" for December contains an

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article on Government ownership of unusual significance, not merely because of its intrinsic ability, but because it is written by a railway expert. The author, Mr. B. L. Winchell, has been a practical railway man for nearly forty years, and is one of the executive heads at the present time of a great railway system in the Far West. He begins by saying that "there is an unmistakable drift towards Government ownership of railways in the United States," and he concludes by asserting that the best way by which we may solve the railway problems of tremendous import which we are facing in this country, and avoid the manifest dangers of Government ownership and operation, is to adopt "a conservative, wise, just policy of regulation." Perhaps one reason why Mr. Winchell's article appeals to us is that we have taken exactly the position he now takes and have maintained it for many years. Mr. Winchell gives many striking statistics regarding the management of government-owned railways in Europe. He admits that railways in France and Germany are in some respects well conducted, but even in Germany the figures show, according to Mr. Winchell, that the German Government receives a smaller net income from its State-owned railways than the Government in the United States receives from the privately owned railways in the form of taxation. The French and Italian State railways do not make as good a showing as the German railways, and in Australia the State-owned railways paid during the last six years a yearly average of $244 per mile to the Government in net earnings, while during the same period the privately owned railways in the United States paid $386 per mile to the Government in taxation. While we are in accord with Mr. Winchell's main contention, on one point we disagree with him. He believes that Germany and France are much more competent to run State-directed industrial enterprises than America, because a "democratic government is a very bad form for managing large industrial concerns." We ask if the Post-Office Department is not a large industrial concern, and whether it is conceivable that a private corporation could possibly carry the mails as efficiently and with a service as satisfactory to a hundred million consumers as the post-office, with all its defects, actually does carry them. The comparative history of the post-office and the private express companies, the only actual competitors of the post-office, does not, we think, sustain Mr. Winchell's contention that efficient administration is incompatible with a highly democratic form of government.

The Parcels Post At Last

Next week in every post-office in the country the new parcels post law will go into operation. It is not the purpose of this paragraph to argue once again the desirability or undesirability of such a law. The matter has been settled by Congress, and while the present law ought to be amended and improved, it is safe to predict that the parcels post (or, as the law calls it, parcel post) has come to stay. Neither is it our intention here to point out the undesirable features of the law. The point of interest now is: What will the average citizen next week find it possible to do in the way of sending parcels through the post-office, and how is this to be done? As to the weight and character of the matter that may be sent, the law permits anything to go as fourth-class mail matter which does not exceed eleven pounds in weight, is not greater in size than seventy-two inches in length and girth combined, and is not of a perishable nature or of such a character as to be likely to be injurious to those who handle it or to the other mail matter. Eleven pounds in weight is of course a great advance over what it was permissible to send under the old law, namely, four pounds, but is less than the weight that may be sent under the laws of several of the countries abroad which have long enjoyed the privileges of the parcels post system. It may be added that any attempt to abolish that system in any of those countries would meet with a protest which would quickly end the agitation, and travelers abroad who have had the comfort sometimes of even sending their steamer trunks by mail will look forward to the time when our limit as to weight will be extended. The question of distance and prevailing rates for the varying distances will seem at first very complicated. It is not so intricate as it may at first seem. The zones in which the rates vary are not established once and for all for the whole United States, but are supposed to be drawn round about each individual unit as a center. An immense number of small squares, each of which is thirty geographical minutes every way, are established as the units of area. In the whole United States there are many hundreds of these units, and to

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facilitate the work of ascertaining distance and rates it has been necessary to print a map for each and every one of these units with the zone circles drawn around it as the center. Every post-office will be supplied with such a map, and every user of the mails can readily obtain one, and with it a parcels post guide which renders the use of the map easy. All the rates are based partly on distance under the zone system and partly on weight. Thus, a parcel weighing one pound can be sent for five cents, locally (to the limit of any rural delivery route starting from the post-office), and also to the fifty-mile limit of the first zone; for six cents to the limit of the second zone, which means to a distance of a hundred and fifty miles; for seven cents to the limit of the third zone, which extends to three hundred miles; and so on up to the limit of the last or eighth zone, which includes all distances over eighteen hundred miles and requires a rate of twelve cents for the first pound. A package of two pounds does not require double the postage of the parcel containing one pound, although the increase varies systematically with the distance; while for packages from two to eleven pounds the rates increase successively, though not on a fixed mathematical ratio. Practically, what will happen with most of us is that we shall go to the post-office with our parcels and ask the postmaster to tell us what the weight of the parcel is and what its rate will be to the point to which we wish to send it. Large shipping houses, however, will have the maps and guides which will render it practicable for them to make their own calculations, and a little practice in this will make the work simple although not altogether without some burden of labor. The extent of the preparations which have been made by the Post-Office Department is shown by the facts that it had to print at the outset an issue of one hundred and twenty-five thousand maps and that it had to purchase over thirty thousand new scales for use in weighing, as the old scales in the post-offices were not constructed to weigh much above four pounds. An immense amount of work will be entailed for the rural delivery department, but that service can easily extend its facilities for the purpose, and it is through the work of the rural service that much of the benefit of the law is to be derived. Special postage stamps, twelve in number, have been provided for use on the postal parcels; these stamps very fitly through their designs illustrate all phases of the work itself and of the American industries which are to be helped by the system.

Twenty Thousand Navy-Yard Men Under the Merit System

President Taft has placed more than twenty thousand skilled workers in the navy-yards throughout the United States under the protection of the civil service. The executive order was issued with the approval of the Civil Service Commission and with that of the recent conference of navy-yard commandants. The classification should have a salutary effect on the employees, who will feel secure in their positions and emancipated from political coercion. The order must become effective not later than June 30 next. It affects all navy-yard employees except common laborers. First of all, the present occupants of positions are to be classified on their efficiency being certified by the various commandants, or by being examined and found qualified by the Labor Board, and being recommended by the commanding officer under whom they are employed. Second, there is to be a competitive examination for all applicants. The navy-yards as well as the post-offices should be filled only by the rule of merit, and the President's latest action in extending the merit system will be applauded as much as was his action some weeks ago in extending the merit system to apply to the fourth-class postmasters, which The Outlook has already heartily commended. It is a long step towards the establishment of a merit system to cover all postmasters. This should mean promotion as well as appointment for merit. As the late Whitelaw Reid worked his way up from the editorship of a little paper in a little town—Xenia, Ohio—to the editorship of a great paper in the metropolis, why should not the postmaster at Xenia be promoted, for like merit, step by step, until he becomes postmaster of our largest city—indeed, Director of Posts?—a permanent position in a department the head of which may remain politically appointed. So far, so good. But, as the recent executive orders have occurred near the close of the President's term, they are resented by some Democrats hungry for office and devoted to the old "spoils system" rather than to the newer merit system. Later action by the President in connection with the postmasters has also called forth adverse criticism, this time from Progressives, not from Democrats.

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We refer to the removal of certain postmasters because of their alleged "pernicious political activity" during the recent campaign in opposing the President. Mr. Taft's critics say that if he could not have been nominated except by his own office-holders' activity he should not now make removals for what he required of others.

The Watts Gallery

No living portrait-painters and allegorical painters are more distinguished for spiritual power than was the late George Frederick Watts. He died in 1904, full of years and honors. He had accomplished a great work. He had painted very many portraits and figure pieces which, with time, seem to grow only more worth while. It is not generally known in this country, we believe—and hence the reason for this paragraph—that a new Watts Gallery has been opened. It is the expression of Mrs. Watts's devotion to her illustrious husband's memory. The gallery is doubly notable. In the first place, it is happily located. It is situated at Compton in Surrey, close to the artist's country house. For many years Watts divided his time between Little Holland House, his London home, and his country house. Here, close to that ancient highway made famous centuries ago by the pilgrims journeying to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, is a high ridge called the Hog's Back. On the sunny slope of this ridge Mr. Watts built a house now overgrown with clematis and Virginia creeper, passion-flower and jessamine vines. Its interior expresses all that an artistic temperament could design. The site is only twenty miles from the metropolis, yet is as rural as anything in England. The surroundings are in entire harmony with the loveliness of Watts's work and the simplicity of his character—a simplicity shown in his repeated refusal of a baronetcy. It is thus fitting that his works should be shown in quiet Compton instead of in noisy London, where we see a number of his masterpieces at the Tate Gallery. The Compton building is of red brick and is Romanesque in style. Over the portal one reads Watts's motto: "The Utmost for the Highest." The second reason why this gallery is notable is because it comprises examples of every period of Watts's career. Consequently lovers of art visit Compton with pleasure and profit as an adequate shrine. In the center of the principal gallery hangs "Paolo and Francesca," that wonderful representation of the two souls beheld by Dante in his vision of the second circle of the Inferno. Near this is the equally impressive "Court of Death"—Death as the sovereign power holding in her lap an infant form as a symbol that the beginning and end of life lie there. Increasing numbers of visitors are resorting to Compton to see these and the other evidences of a great career. Just outside the gallery another long-cherished hope of the artist and his wife now finds form in a hostel where young artists and craftsmen are housed. The hostel is a home for the disciples of Watts and for the artists who wish to spend some time in studying the paintings in the gallery, and it serves the craftsmen who are learning to do clay work in the pottery close by. These craftsmen have organized themselves into a "Potters' Art Guild." Their aim is to use, in Watts's words, "to the best purpose the very noble material provided by English clay."

The Dreibund's Renewal

Last week it was officially announced that the Dreibund, or Triple Alliance, had been renewed. Occurring some months before its period of existence should expire, the event is significant. Thirty years ago, moved by Prince Bismarck, Germany, Austria, and Italy entered into an agreement to help themselves, to check France and Russia, and to preserve the peace of Europe. It seemed entirely natural that Germany and Austria should make such an agreement; it did not seem so natural that Italy should be a partner to it. But, despite Italian racial leanings to France, the Dreibund has benefited Italy, and last week the Marquis di San Giuliano, the Italian Foreign Minister, replied in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome to those who questioned the necessity for its renewal. The Triple Alliance has been the strongest guarantee of the peace of the whole of Europe, said the Minister, for the agreement is essentially pacific and defensive in character, and its spirit obliges each Power to do its utmost not to involve the others unnecessarily in complications. As to Italy in particular, the Dreibund has contributed to the achievement of wonderful progress despite great external difficulties. There is, then, the Marquis claimed, no reason on Italy's part to modify the terms of the Alliance, and no one of the parties has asked to have them modified. The speech was doubtless made with reference to the interests in the Balkans of the three na-

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tions composing the Alliance. The Dreibund was eminently able, declared the speaker, to guarantee the interests of those nations in the Balkan Peninsula; it gave assurance to them of mutual support, not only now but in the future. With special reference to the Albanian question, the Foreign Minister added that Italy and Austria are the two Powers most interested in preserving the situation on a footing of equality and liberty in the Adriatic Sea, and that they have agreed on the fundamental outlines of the solution of the Albanian problem, both in conformity with the principle of nationality and with due consideration for their own equal interests; namely, that Albania, neutralized with the guarantee of the Great Powers, shall become an independent State, presenting an open field to the world's free commerce, and at the same time being a factor of political equilibrium both in the Balkan Peninsula and in the Adriatic. Thus the Italian Premier's speech may mark an important turning-point in history.

CHRISTMAS—1912

There are turning-points in the life of men. Something done, something experienced, determines the future course of their life and the very structure of their character. Such a turning-point in the life of Luther was the day when he affixed his theses to the doors of Wittenberg Cathedral and aroused a tempest wholly unanticipated by him. Such a turning-point in the lives of Hampden and Cromwell was the day when, by the order of a fatuous government, they were arrested on the eve of their departure for New England and compelled to remain and lead the Puritan revolution in the mother country. Such a turning-point in the life of Lincoln was the day when, despite the protestations of his friends, he left in the first speech of his debate with Douglas the declaration that this country could not permanently remain half slave and half free.

There are similar turning-points in the history of nations, when, by some heroic choice or the receipt of some great message, the nation is new-born and begins a new life. Such a turning-point was the wresting of the Magna Charta from King John, when feudalism received its death wound. Such a turning-point in the history of France was the calling of the States General which signed the death warrant of Bourbonism for all eastern Europe. Such a turning-point in the history of America was the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

There has been such an event in the history of the world. It was the birth of Jesus of Nazareth at Bethlehem. Then was the world new-born.

Liberty was not first born on the Fourth of July, 1776, but it received a new impulse and a new significance. The spirit of faith and hope and love did not first appear with the appearance of Jesus; but in his message and his life it received a new endowment of power.

It was seven years after the Declaration of Independence before the Colonies were really free and independent. It was more than half a century after the summoning of the States General before the hand of the last Bourbon was loosened from the throat of throttled Europe. It was centuries after the Magna Charta before feudal England became democratic England. And now, nineteen centuries after the first Christmas, the spirit of paganism lingers in the Christian Church and obscures its message. Nevertheless Christ gave to the world a new conception of God, a new ideal of humanity, and the vision of a new social order. Because of him we this day:

Conceive of God not as a King to be feared, but as a Father to be trusted.

Of religion, not as a reverence of fear which drives us from God, but as a reverence of love which attracts us to him.

Of fellowship with God, not through temple sacrifice to appease his wrath, but through life-service rendered to his children.

Of punishment, whether human or divine, not to deter the wrong-doer through fear, but to cure the wrong-doer through discipline.

Of the divine government, not for the glory of the Sovereign, but for the benefit of the governed.

Of human governments, not as a rule exercised by the few over the many, but as a service rendered to the many by the few.

Of education, not to create an aristocracy of special culture, but to create a democracy of general intelligence.

And we have added a new beauty to painting, a new meaning to music, a new chapter to literature. To painting as a decorative art we have added painting as an interpreter of life; to music as a dirge and a dance, an expression of the sorrows and the gayeties of humanity, we have added music as a psalm

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of divine thanksgiving; and to literature as an expression of the joy and the tragedy of human love we have added literature as a voice of the spiritual life.

Christmas is the birthday of a new world; the advent of a new life of the spirit; a turning-point in the history of humanity.

A BLOW AT AN OLD EVIL

Three hundred and sixty convicts pardoned by Governor Donaghey at one time—that was the startling announcement sent out, early last week, to the rest of the country from Arkansas. Coming at a time when the President's pardon of the financier Morse, Governor Dix's pardon of the convicted murderer Patrick, Governor Blease's numerous pardons, including the pardon of the assailant of a woman, and the pardons issued by Governor Comer and Governor Patterson, had been inclining many to believe that the pardoning power ought not to be lodged in any one man's hands, this wholesale pardoning of convicts by Governor Donaghey, of Arkansas, seemed like a challenge to public sentiment, if not an irresponsible use of authority. It was, however, something besides a mere releasing of prisoners, a mere manifestation of pity, a mere exercise of executive clemency; it was a resounding blow that landed squarely on what is a gigantic evil. Whether Governor Donaghey was justified in striking the blow in just this way is a matter on which decent men can hold two opinions; but there is no question that the hostility which Governor Donaghey expressed against this monstrous evil is to his credit as a man and as a representative of the people.

The enemy at which Governor Donaghey aimed his blow was the convict lease system, or the system of contracting out convict labor for the profit of individuals and private concerns. Undoubtedly Governor Donaghey was convinced that in each of the cases he was securing justice for an individual prisoner; but what he had primarily in mind was the whole evil system by which the State's machinery for correction and punishment is turned into a machine for money-making and for creating special privileges. Under this system, which exists in various forms in, we believe, over twenty States, offenders against the law are farmed out to contractors—sometimes to work in quarries, or mines, or lumber camps, or elsewhere outside of actual prisons, sometimes within the prisons at some form of manufacturing, so that the prisons are turned into privately conducted factories. Of course the labor is not the best labor, because it is not the labor of contented and willing workmen. It is more like slave labor than that which keeps modern industry going, though that is not always, in practice, free; but this contract prison labor is cheap labor, very cheap.

We have in our possession what we are assured is a true copy of a circular sent out by one of these contracting companies. It is an advertisement of the sale of its stocks, and it puts forth, therefore, the financial advantages which the company secures by its use of prisoners as laborers. "Its factories," says this circular of the company, "are located inside prison walls. . . . There are no strikes or labor troubles in prisons. . . . This company pays for its labor 52 cents per man per day; its competitors who employ free labor pay an average wage of about $2 per day. This company is supplied free of rent with factory buildings, storage warehouses and grounds inside the prison walls, and with free heat, light, and power. To acquire similar facilities as this company has obtained free with its contracts would necessitate an additional investment of approximately $1,000,000. Having to make no investment for factory buildings, storage warehouses, heat, light, or power, the company's funds are kept actively engaged in liquid assets such as raw materials, finished goods, and accounts receivable. These are ideal conditions for profitable manufacturing."

Of course they are ideal conditions from the point of view of the contractor. What manufacturer would not be glad to have turned over to him free of charge a million-dollar plant? What manufacturer would not like to get labor at forty to sixty cents a head without any responsibility for keeping the laborers contented with the conditions of work or the wage? With ordinary laborers there is a limit to which the employer can drive his employees. With contract prison labor, on the other hand, the more the contractor can force out of the prisoners the greater his profits. This is slavery, without the personal responsibility of the master for the servant which every slave system at least theoretically recognized. It preserves all the evils of slavery and none of its mitigations. Such a system, whether carried on in quarry,

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lumber camp, mine, or prison-factory, is devised for the purpose of profit to the contractor, not for the purpose of either the reform of the prisoner or the protection of the State. Against this evil system there has been repeated and constant protest. In this The Outlook has borne its part. Some of the States have abolished the system, but in many others it still exists, and where it exists it is the cause of misery, injustice, and peril to the public welfare. Sometimes Americans seem to wait before attacking an evil until they are aroused by some dramatic event. In this case the dramatic event has been supplied by the Governor of Arkansas.

Of course Governor Donaghey's method of attacking this evil of farming out prisoners will not cure it. Those particular prisoners whom the Governor of Arkansas has released may no longer have to bear not only the legitimate consequences of their wrong-doing, but also the intolerable burdens laid upon them by those who have bought the power to oppress them. Yet even these may not escape. Contractors who can get their labor cheap are as a rule glad to promote anything that increases its supply; and in this case that means that these contractors are interested financially in the supply of criminals. It is not to be doubted that in some cases when prison labor has seemed to be falling short it has been renewed by the simple process of making arrests on trumped-up charges; and it is perfectly certain that in some cases—probably in an innumerable host of cases—offenses which would otherwise have been punished by comparatively slight penalties have led to long terms of years, for long sentences tend to make the labor supply stable. Among these specific cases which Governor Donaghey cites, one is the case of two Negroes who were sentenced to serve thirty-six and eighteen years respectively for forging orders for eighteen quarts of whisky! There can be little doubt that such excessive sentences are induced by the convict lease system; and it is certain that the sort of unmitigated slavery which is undergone as the result of such sentences is defensible only from the point of view of those who measure the value of the system by the money that they receive from it. It is an ancient retort of those who defend the convict lease system that its critics are arguing for the maintenance of prisoners in idleness and luxury. That retort presupposes a lack of intelligence on the part of those whom it is supposed to influence.

Prison labor is not only permissible, it is essential, in any proper prison system. It provides occupation and is therefore a measure of mercy; it should provide education and be therefore a measure of reform; it should provide support for the dependent families of the prisoners and be therefore a measure of justice; and it should bring some benefit to the State and be therefore a measure of economy. But when prison labor is made a matter of personal profit for private concerns it scarcely has the advantage that is supposed to accompany providing occupation for the prisoner, for in almost every case it brings in its trail disease and fatigue which may be as maddening as idleness.

To catalogue all the evils of the prison contract labor system in brief space is impossible. It not only injures the prisoners, but it also brings injury upon outside industries, for it introduces a feature of unfair and ruinous competition. It is a means for spreading contagious diseases. It, moreover, turns out upon the community men untrained for self-supporting work, strange as that may seem; for the industries controlled by contract prison labor are for the most part either monopolized by the prison contractors or are the sort in which the underpaid labor of women and children outside is employed. There is no reason why the prisoners of a State may not be employed, as those in New York are, in manufacturing goods for the use of State institutions. In New York the convict lease system has been abolished; but, as with other States that have done away with this bad system, that State has become the dumping-ground of the convict-made goods of its neighbors that still retain the evil. The only way to end this wrong without waiting for every last State to pass the necessary law is by the enactment of a Federal statute. There is a bill now before Congress designed to protect the free labor States from the convict labor States. This is known as the Booher Bill. We described this measure in an editorial last May and shall doubtless have occasion to refer to it again. It has already passed the House of Representatives. It now awaits action in the Senate.

If the people of the United States object to the kind of thing to which Governor Donaghey has called attention, they should insist on National legislation to drive it out of the land.

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THE HEAD-HUNTERS; AND HULL HOUSE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHILE in Chicago recently I visited the Field Museum on one afternoon, and on one evening I went to see the Hull House Players in Galsworthy's "Justice."

Everything was interesting at the Field Museum—the zoölogical collections, the ethnological exhibits concerning our own Indians, the exhibits concerning the Philippines, the material accumulated from China and Tibet. In one hall there was a tablet to the memory of a martyr to science, a young naturalist and ethnologist named Jones, who on behalf of the Field Museum had been sent to the Philippines and there had been killed by savages. His story, as told me, doubtless with substantial though not with minute accuracy, was a story of what could have happened only in our own age, with its extraordinary juxtaposition of the highest civilization and of savagery, and the no less extraordinary suddenness with which some small part of a race of immemorial savagery in its growth becomes deflected into a part of the current of advance of an old civilized race.

Jones, who was of mixed blood, white and Indian, had studied at Hampton Institute. He then went to some New England school, I think Andover, and finally to Harvard. When he graduated from Harvard he had become a scientific man. The Field Museum sent him to the Philippines, where he penetrated into the interior of one of the wilder islands and joined a tribe of head-hunting savages, with whom he soon came to be on the most intimate and friendly terms. Head-hunting was merely one of their conventions, and was compatible with great gentleness and simplicity of life in many other matters.

Jones speedily became thoroughly identified with them. They told him all the intimate circumstances of their strange psychic and mental life, and for a year he lived with them collecting invaluable material in his note-books. Then he told them that he must leave them.

They were greatly grieved; they hated to have him depart. Some of their number who were especially friendly accompanied him to the confines of the tribal domain. Then their feelings overcame them (at this point of the narrative readers of Frank R. Stockton will be startlingly reminded of the possible attitude of the griffin toward the minor canon). They felt that they really could not bear to part with Jones, so they killed him and took back his head to their village. My informant, a profound student of wild ethnology, told me that he was convinced that their main feeling was friendship, that they had become devoted to Jones, that they liked him and liked to talk with him, and hated to have him go away; and so they felt at the end that, as they would otherwise lose him entirely, it would be far better to take his head back and have that permanently with them, because no doubt they would somehow or other get counsel and inspiration and friendship from it.

Wide as the poles apart from the phase of life of which I thus got a glimpse was that phase of life shown in the play produced by the Hull House Players. It was played in a delightful little theater, which I am sorry to say on the evening I was there was not as full as it ought to have been. The play was Galsworthy's "Justice," which he had given the Hull House Players special permission to play without a royalty.

The play itself is a most powerful indictment of that cruel legalism which not merely is divorced from justice but which may do the most frightful injustice. Any man or woman seeing it cannot but be intensely interested and at the same time roused to generous indignation against the forcing of the forms of law into the service of injustice—this forcing, mind you, being done, not by men who are scoundrels, but by men who have no idea that they are doing anything wrong, who, on the contrary, feel that they are upholding the cause of civilization, but who lack vision, sympathy, understanding.

The players were all men and girls from among the frequenters of Hull House. Their names showed them to be of Jewish, German, Irish, and native American origin. They played astonishingly well. How well they played is testified to, in the first place, by the fact that they appealed so much to Mr. Galsworthy that he gave them the right to play "Justice" free, and, in the second place, by the fact that they have been asked to come to Ireland by the remarkable group of men and women who within the

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last few years have done so much for a national Irish stage. The "star" was a young Jew engaged in the manufacture of tobacco at $17 or $18 a week. What the Hull House Players were doing and the way in which it was being done showed the immense possibilities for enjoyment and usefulness open to all our people if they only have the right initiative, and the right guidance to enable them to take advantage of the opportunities.

These players one and all were hard-working young men and young women, but they had in them the quality that enabled them to take advantage of the chance that offered itself, and fortunately there were those prepared to offer the chance. In consequence, they now represent one of the appreciably valuable assets of American life. They are rendering service and giving enjoyment to others, and as an incident doing service and getting enjoyment for themselves. A window has been opened for them into the larger life of the Nation, and they are not merely lookers-on at this life; they are doing their full part in making this life larger and better and more beautiful.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WHEN SHALL THE TERM BEGIN?

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY announces his intention of pressing the proposed Constitutional amendment to change the date of the President's inauguration. The Henry resolution, as reintroduced at last winter's session of Congress, would make a number of important innovations. The term of President and Vice-President would be extended to the last Thursday of April, 1917; that date thereafter would be the beginning and termination of their term and the date of subsequent inaugurations; Congress would meet annually on the second Tuesday in January, and the second Tuesday in January would be the beginning and termination of the official term of Senators and Representatives; finally, the short session of Congress would be eliminated.

Thus Mr. Henry has not confined his attention to the simple problem of giving the inauguration pageant a more attractive open-air setting. But that alone, says the New York "Tribune," would be a decided gain, for the inauguration of a President is an important National ceremony. The paper continues:

> It draws hundreds of thousands of people to Washington, some in the line of official or military duty and the rest as spectators. Since the present date is unsuitable and a far better date can be provided without any special embarrassment, it is only sensible to try to make the occasion one of greater comfort and added impressiveness.

In the same spirit Mr. Frederic J. Haskin, a well-known daily contributor to many newspapers, writes:

> In addition to the important political considerations involved in the Henry resolution, there is the matter of better weather for the inaugural day. Thousands of people have been stricken, some of them fatally, as a result of bad inauguration weather. The death of at least one President is attributed to such weather, and many prominent men have succumbed to attacks of pneumonia caused by it. The Henry resolution is by no means a partisan measure. The ideas incorporated in it have been advocated by the leaders of both parties. The provision for Presidential succession is identical with that passed by a Republican Senate upon two occasions. The provision for the change of the inaugural date has been widely indorsed by men of all political faiths. The provision for changing the meeting day of Congress seems to be in accord with the intentions of the framers of the Constitution.

The opinion of most newspapers seems favorable to a change in the time of inauguration. But many would not defer it. They would advance it. They are convinced that the President and Congress should enter upon their duties as soon as possible after they have received their mandates from the people. After his election in 1860 Mr. Lincoln remarked to Judge Gillespie:

> I would willingly take out of my life a period in years equal to the two months which intervene between now and my inauguration, to take the office now. . . . I, who have been called upon to meet this awful responsibility, am compelled to remain here, doing nothing to avert it or lessen its force when it comes to me.

Hence the suggestion, not to defer but to advance the date, say to January 1. It has much more to commend it, claim its advocates, than has the suggestion to defer the date. As to the pageant that accompanies the induction of a President into office, the Tacoma "Tribune" says:

> The inauguration ceremonies and festivities are of the side-show brand, and could be elim-

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inated without fracturing anything but precedent and the financial hopes of the hotel-keepers in Washington.

HOW LONG SHALL THE TERM LAST?

President Taft suggests that the Presidential tenure of office be limited to one term and that term extended to six years. His chief argument is that if a man knew he were to have but one term, he would confine his attention to the duties of his office and not to campaigning for re-election. His second argument is that four years is too short a period in which to work out the administrative plan desired by a President. Mr. Taft's position seems about the same as that of the Democratic party in the platform adopted at the Baltimore Convention last June. That platform declared for a single term, but made no recommendation as to length.

"Only twice in the history of the Nation since Washington first refused a third term," says the Aberdeen, Washington, "World," "has the question of extended tenure of the Executive office arisen." That may be, so far as widespread popular discussion is concerned, but, in speaking of Mr. Bryan's espousal of the single-term idea, the South Bend "Tribune" thus refers to three notable opinions:

Andrew Jackson suggested a similar limitation in his first inaugural address.

Rutherford B. Hayes, in his letter accepting the Republican Presidential nomination in 1876, as Mr. Bryan shows, virtually added a plank to the platform of his party. Hayes held that while he did not assume to add to the declaration of principles, he could not help noting that nothing was said in favor of a single term, and added that the restoration of the civil service system could best be accomplished only by a President under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election. . . .

Mr. Cleveland, in his letter of acceptance following his first nomination for President, assumed a position similar to that taken by Hayes, except that he omitted to declare he would not be a candidate for a second term. Cleveland, however, did urge an amendment to the Constitution disqualifying a President for re-election.

In its financial editorial columns the New York "Sun" thus endeavors to report the opinion of what we call "Wall Street:"

It is a matter of great and almost supreme satisfaction that the desire of the Democratic majority in Congress seems strong to take the first steps toward such an amendment of the Constitution as will make the President of the United States ineligible to succeed himself. It is not going too far to state that a measure of this sort is considered by the great mass of people in the business and financial world as the greatest reform in our government system that could possibly be adopted. The circumstance that the Democratic party pledged itself to this end won it very many conservative votes at the last election; and that this proposition is now being taken up in Congress as a party measure in itself refutes the idea . . . that with the Democratic party in power in the National Legislature nothing but disorder and assaults upon the future can be expected.

The Aberdeen, Washington, "World" thus voices what it thinks the general view of the voters:

There appears no doubt but that the opinion of the majority of the people of the country is against more than one term and probably inclines toward one term of six years.

The sharpest criticism from those who oppose the single-term idea comes from the Florida "Times-Union:"

A proof of Mr. Taft's inability to interpret properly the meaning of prevailing tendencies is seen in his selection of the present time to propose . . . that the Presidential term be lengthened to six years. Has it not been appreciated that a President elected for four years is already too far removed from the consequences of popular displeasure? Had a recall been provided, it is more than probable that Mr. Taft would have lost office before the end of four years—why should we risk an unacceptable official for a longer term? Is it not to be supposed that a proposition to shorten the term would meet with better favor than the agitation for an extension?

In general, those who oppose the single term quote Thomas Jefferson as an advocate of frequent elections, say short terms are better for the people and for the President, and arrive at the conclusion that a four-year term is not long enough for a good President and too long for a bad one.

Another point of view on the part of the opposers is put forth by the Louisville "Post:"

The President is the only officer in the United States elected by all of the people. He represents no constituents for whom he would feel inclined to labor to the detriment of other sections of the country. He alone is designated as the leader of the Nation. His constituency is the Nation as a whole.

Now it is suggested that he should be debarred because he has attained the very experience which, above all others, would fit him for the Presidency. Because he has been a President, he should never be President again.

The choice of the people should not be limited in matters in which they have shown again and again that they are perfectly able to deal. In the past those Presidents who have been elected to a second term have been the men most worthy of respect and of a continuance in the office which they have filled with ability: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Monroe, Madison, Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt. This array of names shows that when the people

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have found a man of power they have put him in the position where he could exert his power for the best interests of all.

Those Presidents who have been inefficient, who have been negligent, who have been weak, have been denied a second term. The examination of the record shows that the American people have uniformly proven themselves capable of deciding correctly whether or not a President should be elected a second time.

Certainly if the people are able to choose a President for a first term they are able to decide whether or not he is capable of serving them again.

THE COAL MONOPOLY AND THE SUPREME COURT DECISION

THE case of the Government against the anthracite monopoly came to an end last week in a decision by the United States Supreme Court. But the case of the people against the anthracite monopoly is only just begun. The immediate effect of the decision has been to arouse public interest in the right and wrong underlying the legal aspects of the case. If it is true, as is asserted, that the ton of coal which costs the New York householder seven dollars or more costs two dollars at the mouth of the mine, then that householder has a live personal interest in knowing whether all of the five dollars added to the cost between mine and house is a just charge. There are many things that may be said about the decision just rendered. It is not by any means clear that the result is altogether a victory for the companies, and still less clear that even under the present laws there does not exist a way to deal with monopoly. But, before these points are considered, let us, as a matter of far more fundamental importance, look at the broad question of industrial monopoly as exemplified in the anthracite business.

And this particular business is perhaps the best existing example of monopoly, because nature, aided by law, has made close restriction possible. Perhaps its only equal in this respect is the monopoly which has gathered about the oil business. The superiority of anthracite for domestic and some manufacturing purposes is incontestable. People will have it if they can get it at a decent price. Certainly, within a reasonable distance of the anthracite mines, people should be able to get it at a price which would make competition by soft coal brought from a greater distance impossible. A conservative journal has stated since the Supreme Court's decision that, if excessive and unnecessary items were eliminated, anthracite could be sold on the Atlantic coast at between $2.75 and $3.50 per ton. Just now indignation at the high cost of coal is centered upon recent advances. Naturally, the man who has to pay bigger coal bills this year than last is angry about it. There is ground for this anger, because the excuse made by the Coal Trust for the advance of the prices—namely, that it now has to pay higher wages—is inadequate. It is alleged that known statistics show that the added expense to the Trust was about six and a half million dollars, while the increase in price must already have given some fifteen million dollars of increased revenue. That leaves a net gain to the Trust of some eight and a half millions. But all this is the temporary aspect of the coal question. Beneath it, as in the oil combination, there are much larger and broader problems.

Most fundamental of all is the question whether the idea of unrestricted, private ownership, such as a man has in a horse, should be applied to the gifts of nature which all men must use and in which all have an interest. Such things are land, mines, water, and oil: one such universal gift of nature, and one alone, has escaped the hand of monopoly—the air we breathe. If we were to imagine that a new, unoccupied territory as large as New Zealand were to be freshly taken possession of at one time by a large body of intelligent people well versed in modern ideas as to industry and economics, it is probable that they would adopt such common ownership in land, minerals, and oil as would prevent monopoly in the use of their products or unrestricted transfer of title from one person to another. The principle we now apply to patents and literary copyrights, through which absolute ownership forever is debarred, might find a similar application in the use of forests, mines, and water-rights. It is said that such a method would now be impossible because of the existence of vested rights. It may be so;

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but assuredly such drastic and merciless use of legal possession as we have seen in the anthracite monopoly prompts one wide inquiry. This is whether in the future National legislation and economic development will not step in in behalf of the rights and needs of the people. For centuries now the absolute right of a man to control the ownership of his land after his death has been limited: yet the dead hand and the right of entail were not more absolute in themselves than is the claim of unlimited power over that which nature has intended for all.

Meanwhile, and for immediate advance, the lesson of the Supreme Court's decision is obvious: control is better than lawsuits. One of three things must exist as regards monopoly—absolute private ownership, public ownership such as the Socialists want, or powerful, effective regulation by Government. What we have done in a measure with the railways through the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be done through a similar body which should have similar power and control over great corporations existing or newly planned, if they are of the nature of monopolies or in restraint of trade or oppressive to the consumer. It may be added that this decision, like the decisions dealing with the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, contains new evidence that the power of government to exercise such control is recognized by the Supreme Court; and that the so-called "rule of reason" idea does not mean to raise the question whether restraint of trade as forbidden by the law is reasonable, but whether it is reasonable to suppose that the action complained of is actually in restraint of trade.

What, then, is the decision of the Court in the anthracite case? Judge Lurton, who delivered the opinion of the Court (which, by the way, is of enormous length), prefaced it by a summary which we here quote in full. The Court, according to this summary, finds:

First—That the general combination alleged by the Government to exist between the defendant roads for an apportionment for total tonnage to the seaboard by an agreement in the nature of a pooling arrangement has not been established, and therefore the relief sought by the Government upon the assumption of such combination is denied.

Second—The Court finds, however, that the principal defendants did combine, for the purpose of shutting out from the anthracite coal field a projected independent line of railroad, the New York, Wyoming, and Western Railroad, and to accomplish that purpose it is found that the stock of the Temple Iron Company and of the Simpson and Watkins Collieries was acquired for the purpose of and with the intent, not of normally and lawfully developing trade, but for restraining inter-State commerce and competition in transportation, which would have presumably come about through the construction and operation of the proposed competing line of railroad between the mines and tide-water.

Third—The Court holds that certain contracts made with purchasers covering between twenty and twenty-five per cent of the total annual supply of coal, known as the sixty-five per cent contracts, by which such independent producers bound themselves to deliver the output of their mines, or any other mine which they might acquire, to the railroad companies for sixty-five per cent of the average market price at tide-water, were also void because in violation of the Anti-Trust Act as abnormal and illegal restraints upon inter-State commerce.

Fourth—The Court reiterates the declaration in the Standard Oil case, that an act of Congress does not "forbid or restrain the power to make normal and usual contracts to further trade by resorting to all normal methods, whether by agreement or otherwise, to accomplish such purpose." Nevertheless, it holds that the acts which it finds in this case to be illegal, the Temple Iron and sixty-five per cent contracts, were not within such class, but on the contrary were abnormal in their character and directly tended to and were intended to illegally restrain trade and commerce, and therefore came within the statute as illustrated by the rulings in St. Louis Terminal Association and Swift & Co. vs. United States.

Three things, roughly and broadly speaking, were at issue (besides smaller matters), which may be here enumerated: One was whether there existed between six railways which carry coal, and their subsidiary companies engaged in coal-mining, such a combination as is forbidden by the Sherman Law as in the nature of a monopoly, and whether their combined action was in illegal restraint of trade. On this first question the defendants won a victory. But it should be pointed out that the decision does not mean that such a combination does not exist, but that it has not been proved to exist. It does not mean that under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law it might not be possible in another case to prove the existence of mutual relations and combinations which were not laid before the Court in the recent suit. The points passed upon were largely questions of fact, and we doubt very much whether the principles of law propounded essentially change the view of the Sherman Law already propounded in former decisions of the Court. It has been said (we quote the New York "Sun") that "each case for construction under the Anti-

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Trust Law will be considered under the separate and peculiar circumstances pertaining to it, and that very many existing trade combinations and agreements are not in restraint of trade at all." But this is nothing more or less than what was known before. The Sherman Law is not perfect; but it is not helpless; it is not aimed at every combination of capital; and it ought not to be. Whether or not the Supreme Court had evidence enough before it to bring the anthracite combination under the law is important enough, but its belief that the evidence was lacking or that the Government's method of procedure was imperfect does not give a license to this or any other monopoly in the future.

The second important point involved relates to the right of railways to own coal mines. The "commodities clause" of the Hepburn Law forbids this. The men who control the coal railways are not, however, so simple and unresourceful as to be stopped by such a prohibition. What has happened has been that practically the same men own the railways and the mines, but through different companies with separate organization. This has been passed upon as allowable by the Supreme Court in the famous Commodities Case, which even went so far as to say that while the railway company may not transport a commodity which it owns or in which it has a legal interest at the time of the transportation, the railway may own the stock of a mining corporation. Under this decision the coal railways have found it easy to keep down the price of coal at the mine (and thus make out a case against increased wages because the mines are not making money) and put up the price of railway carriage for coal to a point alleged to be necessary in order to pay dividends on railway stock regardless of the actual investment represented by that railway stock. The present decision does not, so far as we can judge, change the attitude of the Supreme Court. On this point it simply says that, as to some of the acts, they were committed before the Hepburn Law was passed, and that it does not, therefore, apply; and that, as to other acts, the prohibitions of the Hepburn Law do not apply at all.

The third main issue resulted in a victory for the Government. Independent coal-miners, under pressure from the Trust, had entered into an agreement to pay to the Trust thirty-five per cent of the value of their coal at tide-water in addition to the regular railway charge for carrying. It was practically a special tax put on the business of the independents; a sort of paid license or permission to do business. The Supreme Court is strong in its condemnation of the contracts, and abrogates them as illegal; while it also orders the dissolution of the Temple Iron Company, the organization through which the railway companies have in the past fought off genuine competition. The Attorney-General, in commenting upon this part of the decision, has said: "The annulment of the sixty-five per cent contracts was a very important victory for the Government. It opens the way for competition in the coal trade. It is also important because the Court declares that, although a contract may be innocent in itself, a bundle of contracts may constitute a violation of the law." It is said, on the other hand, by some of the coal magnates, as evidence that they have not been hard hit by the decision, and also by some of those who take a gloomy view of the effect of the decision on the people's interest, that the sixty-five per cent agreements and the Temple Iron Company are now practically devices of the past, no longer of practical value; and that in large part opposition from independent mining companies has ceased by the simple process of absorption.

Whatever view may be taken of this decision and its effects, there is universal agreement, among those who wish to get the coal from the mines to the household furnace and to the manufacturer at a reasonable and a living price, that the ultimate problems involved will not be allowed to drop. We may quote as to this the comment of that sound and conservative paper, the New York "Journal of Commerce:"

> A monopoly once established and "going" is hard to get rid of so long as there is a common interest in keeping it up. This coal "combine" is so close and so confident of its cohesion that it seems to be invulnerable. What is the Government going to do about it? The supply of anthracite is contained within a limited area, and these seven railroads afford the only means of getting it to its chief market. The only real competition with it is that of soft coal from other districts, and so long as the railroads are allowed to hold together in carrying it, with a common understanding for the apportionment of traffic and maintenance of rates, a virtual monopoly will survive and the consumers will have to pay the price. *Is there no help for it?*

It certainly does not seem as if any prompt or real help were going to come from a succession of lawsuits.

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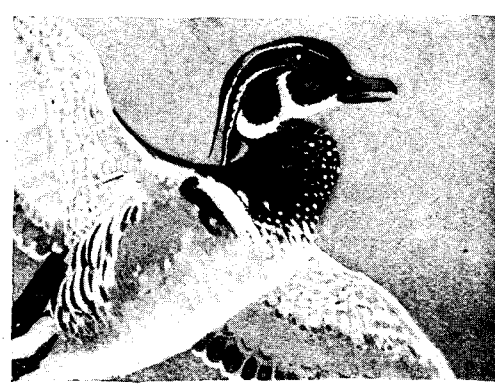
THE CURSE OF BEAUTY

A SERMON IN COLORS BY

PAUL BRANSOM

FOUR WATER COLORS
OF BIRDS THAT GIVE
THEIR LIVES IN ORDER
THAT WOMEN MAY BE
BEAUTIFULLY ADORNED



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GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE

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AMERICAN EGRET

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GOLDEN PHEASANT

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COMMON TERN

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Tales Out of Court

A SERIAL OF THE LAW BY

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Web"

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON GRAY

FIRST TALE

The Resurrectionist

AS a matter of record, the Circuit Court adjourns twice a day during its stay at Belo. As a matter of fact, it never adjourns at all, for when the judge leaves the bench the proceedings are merely transferred from the floor of the court-house to the lobby of the Reeve House, where lawyers, witnesses, litigants, and jurors fraternize in continuous session until the reopening of the official tribunal. Indeed, that antiquated, if not ancient, hostelry, the Reeve House, is quite generally regarded by Fraser County in the light of an annex to the Court, and some even profess to believe that it is the more important forum of the two. Certainly the village cynic is not alone in championing it upon the ground that cases are really settled there, whereas in the Court they are merely kicked up the stairway of appeal. But public opinion in Belo rather frowns on remarks of that character, as Dick Poinder learned to his cost when he announced, after one of his exasperating experiences in Gedney's case, that the lobby dispensed justice and the Court dispensed with it. In fact, that travel-stained witticism was in some danger of being taken too seriously until the Bar laughed it away by subjecting its perpetrator to a mock trial for plagiarism during the hilarious wind-up of the Christmas term.

On the evening that the Resurrectionist first appeared upon the scene the lobby was sitting as a sort of Court of Appeal, reviewing the day's work just completed at the rival tribunal on the opposite side of the road. Every chair in the circle that ringed the huge stove was occupied; half a dozen unclaimed trunks had been dragged from a corner to serve as settees; the writing-table had been utilized as a gallery; even the proprietor's sanctum had been invaded and robbed of its solitary high stool, and Old Man Reeve, thus deprived of his favorite throne, had perched himself on the office desk, with his feet dangling over the front, from which post of vantage he seemed to be presiding over the assemblage with all the commanding calmness of a judge upon the bench.

Old Man Reeve had undoubtedly once been young, but his youth probably antedated the period of the yellow, cracked, and fly-blown lithograph of the Bar of Fraser County which had served as the sole ornament of the lobby since the early seventies. At all events, those who knew him in that distant day asserted that he was an old man then. But if he had aged prematurely, time had dealt kindly with him on the whole, for his round, clean-shaven face had suffered no change for many a season, and no one thought any more of his years than of the fact that he always wore low black shoes and white socks, and never condescended to a collar. His neighbors in Belo, it is true, reported that his vitality often seemed to wane during vacations, when the county seat relapsed into its normal

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rôle of a retired inland village; but each advent of the Court apparently gave him a new lease of life, and he invariably welcomed the returning Bench and Bar with all the vigor and heartiness of a man in the prime of life.

Certainly there was no keener observer in Fraser County than Peter Reeve as he sat on his improvised rostrum, pipe in hand, beaming a benediction on his assembled guests. He knew every man in the place and just what had brought him there; he could name every juror who had sat on any case of importance during the past thirty years, and give the inside history of his verdict; he was generally familiar with the claims of the litigants long before they reached the court-room; and there were not many lawyers who could tell him anything he did not already know concerning the private affairs of their clients.

For instance, as he peered through the gathering haze of tobacco smoke, he knew exactly what was troubling the frail little man who, note-book in hand, was hovering on the outskirts of the wide circle surrounding the stove. David Gedney and he had been friends since the day when the firm of Gedney & Son first started in business just across the State line, and he had seen that business expand and prosper until it began to threaten the gigantic Farm Supply Company with a competition as unwelcome as it was unprecedented. It was not surprising, therefore, that he was familiar with every detail of the bitter trade war that had followed, the upshot of which was a litigation which had crippled his friend's resources and was now menacing the very existence of his firm. For five terms—more than a year—he had witnessed Gedney's struggle to bring his enemies to bay in the court-room, but thus far the Supply Company had managed to postpone the day of reckoning by all the shifts and evasions known to its attorney, Mr. Artemus Peck, one of Fraser County's most expert defeaters of the law.

Gedney had long since reached that dangerous period in the pursuit of justice when clients are neither laymen nor lawyers. In fact, Dick Poinder, his counsel, had been obliged to protest against his over-anxious interference time and again, reminding him that his business demanded his whole attention and that by neglecting it he was positively imperiling his cause. But Gedney, with his property all tied up and his credit exhausted, was beyond advice, and term after term he had haunted the lobby, note-book in hand, interviewing lawyers, buttonholing court clerks, imploring other litigants to concede him the right of way on the jury calendar, and generally working himself into a nervous condition bordering on insanity. Indeed, on this particular evening there was a really dangerous gleam in his tired eyes as he completed his tour of the lobby, and, sinking down on one of the crowded trunks, whispered to his nearest neighbor that he held the top of the calendar at last and that hell itself couldn't prevent his case from being heard in the morning.

The young farmer to whom this incomprehensible remark was addressed glanced apprehensively at the speaker and promptly vacated his seat on pretense of seeking a light for his cigar.

"Who's the crazy old guy with the note-book, Pete?" he inquired as he reached the desk.

Old Man Reeve, listening to the tag end of a story from his side of the circle, disregarded the question for a moment, and then, striking a match on his trousers and shading the flame with his hands, proceeded to relight his pipe.

"Reckon your Paw'd feel kinder set up, Eph, if he believed you'd ever be as crazy as Dave Gedney," he replied, between puffs.

The youth laughed uneasily and shot a swift glance at his recent neighbor.

"Gosh! Is that Gedney of Gedney & Son?" he exclaimed. "No wonder I didn't recognize him. He's changed something terrible, and as for talk—"

"You can't always tell about a man by his talk, Eph," interrupted Reeve. "For instance, if I sized you up by what you've just let on as to Gedney, I'd kinder suspect *you* weren't all intellect. But maybe you're a better judge of outsides, my boy," he continued, "and if so, you can tell me what's coming in at the door right now. Blamed if I ever saw the like of it afore in Fraser County."

The individual to whom the old man thus called attention was certainly an unfamiliar type to the denizens of the Reeve House, for all conversation had instantly ceased as he crossed the threshold, and every eye was centered upon him as he closed the door and stood looking inquiringly about him. Perhaps his huge stature, pompous bearing,

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GENERALLY WORKING HIMSELF INTO A NERVOUS CONDITION BORDERING ON INSANITY

massive head, and strong, hard face would have attracted more than a passing notice in any company, but it was not his face or his physique at which the habitués of the lobby stared in fascination. It was his high silk hat, his fur-lined, broadcloth overcoat, his chamois gloves, patent leather shoes, and mouse-gray spats that held them spellbound. But if the stranger was aware of the sensation he was creating he did not betray it as he leisurely unbuttoned his greatcoat, and, shaking the powder of snow from its broad folds, glanced superciliously over the room. Then he strode directly to the desk and paused before its occupant.

Old Man Reeve did not stir from his perch as the visitor approached, but nodded a greeting and glanced through his big-rimmed spectacles at the card which was offered him. Then he looked up with a comical, question-

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ing expression and, cocking his head, apparently invited explanation. The lobby strained its ears to catch some echo of the conversation that followed, but the newcomer spoke in low tones and the proprietor confined himself to monosyllables, accompanied with a wide-eyed stare of amused astonishment and punctuated by an occasional nod or shake of the head. As the dialogue continued, however, it was apparent that the visitor was becoming irritated, and finally, when he turned away with a muttered exclamation of disgust, and, striding across the room, banged the door behind him, a chorus of inquiry broke forth.

"What's the matter, Pete? . . . Didn't his nibs like our looks? . . . Who's his Royal Highness, old man? . . . Say, Pete, do you charge extra for shows like that? . . . Why didn't you tell us you knew the Prince of Monte Cristo, Grandpa? . . . That wasn't any common Prince, Mr. Reeve. That was a New York chauffeur! . . . No, it wasn't! It was a soap advertisement. What's his brand, Pete?"

Old Man Reeve glanced at the card in his hand and smilingly shook his head at the storm of questions.

"You kin search me, boys," he answered. "He didn't tell me what he was, but only what he wanted. Bet you'd never guess what it was, though. A suit of rooms *and* a bath!"

A roar of laughter greeted this announcement, in which the host of the Reeve House joined so heartily that he was obliged to remove his spectacles and wipe the moisture from his eyes.

"He allowed," he continued, chuckling, "that he telegraphed for that suit day afore yesterday, and was madder than hops when I told him we didn't have anything but lawsuits ready for him. I'm going to have that telegram framed ef Bill Watson ever gits time to send it over from the depot. Reckon it'd kinder give a stylish tone to the House, eh, boys?"

"Where's he gone, Pete?" inquired Brundage, the State's attorney.

"I sent him down to Miss Prescott's. She turned one of her bay windows into a bathroom last summer, and maybe she kin fix him up. He'll be in hot water, though, if he puts on any airs with Ellen. O Lordy, yes!"

"What alias is the Great Mogul using just at present?" drawled Poinder, tipping back his chair against one of the columns supporting the lobby ceiling.

"This bit of pasteboard is labeled 'Wallace Dunham,'" responded the old man.

Poinder's chair bumped the floor as he leaned eagerly toward the speaker.

"Wallace Dunham!" he exclaimed. "Not Wallace Dunham, the Resurrectionist? Yes, by George, it is! I knew I'd seen his face before."

"What did you say the gentleman was, Dick?" inquired Brundage. "An Insurrectionist?"

"No, the 'Resurrectionist.' At least that's what they used to call him in the city fifteen or twenty years ago."

"Is he a minister?"

"No," whispered Hixon, the *enfant terrible* of the Bar. "He's the undertaker that's going to bury Gedney after the trial to-morrow. Eh, Poinder?"

The lawyer frowned and cast an anxious glance at his client's careworn face.

"Shut up, Hixon," muttered Brundage. "That's a rotten kind of joking. Did you say your friend was a minister, Dick?"

"No, indeed," returned Poinder, smilingly. "He's a lawyer with a practice as big as a Trust. What the dickens is he doing in Belo, I wonder."

"Why do you call him the Resurrectionist?"

"Oh, that's just a nickname. His specialty is reviving cases that are generally considered dead and done for. At least that's what he made his reputation on, and it was well earned, too, for I once knew him to bring a dead man back to life."

"Oh, come now! That's too much, even for the Munchausen of the lobby," protested a voice from the other side of the circle, and Poinder, glancing in that direction, observed that his opponent Artemus Peck had risen.

"Well, it may be too much for you, Baron," he drawled. "But truth is stranger than even your fictions, as I can show you if you'll wait a minute."

"Sorry I can't stay, but I've never had any reason to doubt the strangeness of your truths, Poinder. Come on, Bob, if you're coming."

Hixon rose as Peck passed out of the front door, and for some moments after he had followed his friend the lobby was uncomfortably quiet. There was always too much bitterness in Poinder's and Peck's repartee for the Bar of Fraser County. It invariably

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smacked of a family quarrel disagreeably embarrassing to all within earshot, but Old Man Reeve usually came to the rescue, as he did on this occasion.

"Go on and tell us about your Revivalist, Mr. Poinder," he suggested.

"Resurrectionist, Pete," corrected the lawyer. "Revivalist is much too mild a term. Well, maybe some of you remember that I served my legal apprenticeship in the office of the State's Attorney in the big city more years ago than I like to confess. Anyway, it was there I first met Wallace Dunham. He wasn't so fat and prosperous as he is now, and he didn't despise criminal business when it knocked at his door. But he never was the kind of fellow that practices for love or fame, so I was astonished when he appeared as the counsel for Buck Denslow, who had neither money nor friends. Buck was just a common ruffian who had betrayed one of his gang to the police and then shot another pal who discovered his treachery and threatened to expose it. He was caught red-handed, and I suppose it was because the case was absolutely indefensible that its prosecution was intrusted to me, for I was nothing but a novice at the time. Well, I venture to say that no tyro at the Bar ever received as rough an initiation into the ways of the law as came to me out of the case of the *People vs. Denslow* from the moment Wallace Dunham appeared upon the scene.

"He began proceedings by moving to set aside the indictment on the ground that it did not state that Denslow's victim, Ben Limond, was a human being, and that no one could be indicted for murder unless he had killed a human being. As a matter of fact, Limond was more of a brute than a man, and at first I regarded Dunham's point as a joke. Anyhow, I never dreamed that the courts would listen to it. Did you say they wouldn't, Corning? All right, my boy! I'll give you verse and chapter for that case and you can follow it as I did, all the way up to the highest tribunal in the State. You'll do it quicker than I did, however, for by the time the last court disposed of his arguments Dunham had consumed the best part of a year, and all this time his client had been enjoying the hospitality of one of our most comfortable jails—a fact which was beginning to attract the attention of the press. Of course I wasn't to blame for that, but I had no desire to be criticised, and I pressed the case to trial with the utmost vigor. Indeed, I rushed it so furiously into court that Dunham nearly broke my heart when he tripped me with a dictionary."

"Tripped you with a dictionary!" interrupted Corning. "That's a joke, isn't it?"

"Indeed it was no joke. The day before the case was set for trial Dunham called at my office to advise me—out of professional courtesy, he said—that there was an error in that part of the indictment which described Limond's wound as being in his breast. 'Well, it *was* in his breast,' I asserted. No mistake about that. 'But not in his b-r-e-s-t,' he persisted, showing me the mistake in typewriting the word. I laughed, but he retorted by pulling down one of the law reports from my shelves and pointing to a decision that declared that such misspelling in an indictment rendered it fatally defective. Maybe you think there is no such case, Corning. Oh! You *have* seen that one, have you? Well, I didn't thank Dunham for showing it to me. The old fox merely wanted to save himself the trouble of drawing up papers, and knew this pretended courtesy would serve him equally well. And it did. I consulted with my chief, of course, but he decided it was not safe to proceed in the face of that decision, and we began our proceedings all over again.

"By this time you can readily believe that I had grown somewhat wary, and I tell you every *t* was crossed and every *i* dotted before my new papers were filed. Indeed, they must have been pretty strongly drawn, for Dunham was plainly worried, and he fairly deluged me with motions to inspect the minutes of the grand jury, to change the place of trial, to determine the sanity of the prisoner, to stay the trial pending the arrival of missing witnesses, to do anything and everything that would delay the proceedings or free his man by hook or crook. I've got the documents that were printed at the State's expense in the various appeals before a jury was even as much as summoned in Denslow's case, and I give you my word they fill two volumes, each as big as an unabridged dictionary.

"But we got to trial at last, and though the case was simplicity itself, I prepared it with the utmost care. Not too carefully, however, for Dunham poured exceptions into the record in a steady stream, and strung out the testimony day after day until he'd accumulated such a mass of stuff that two assist-

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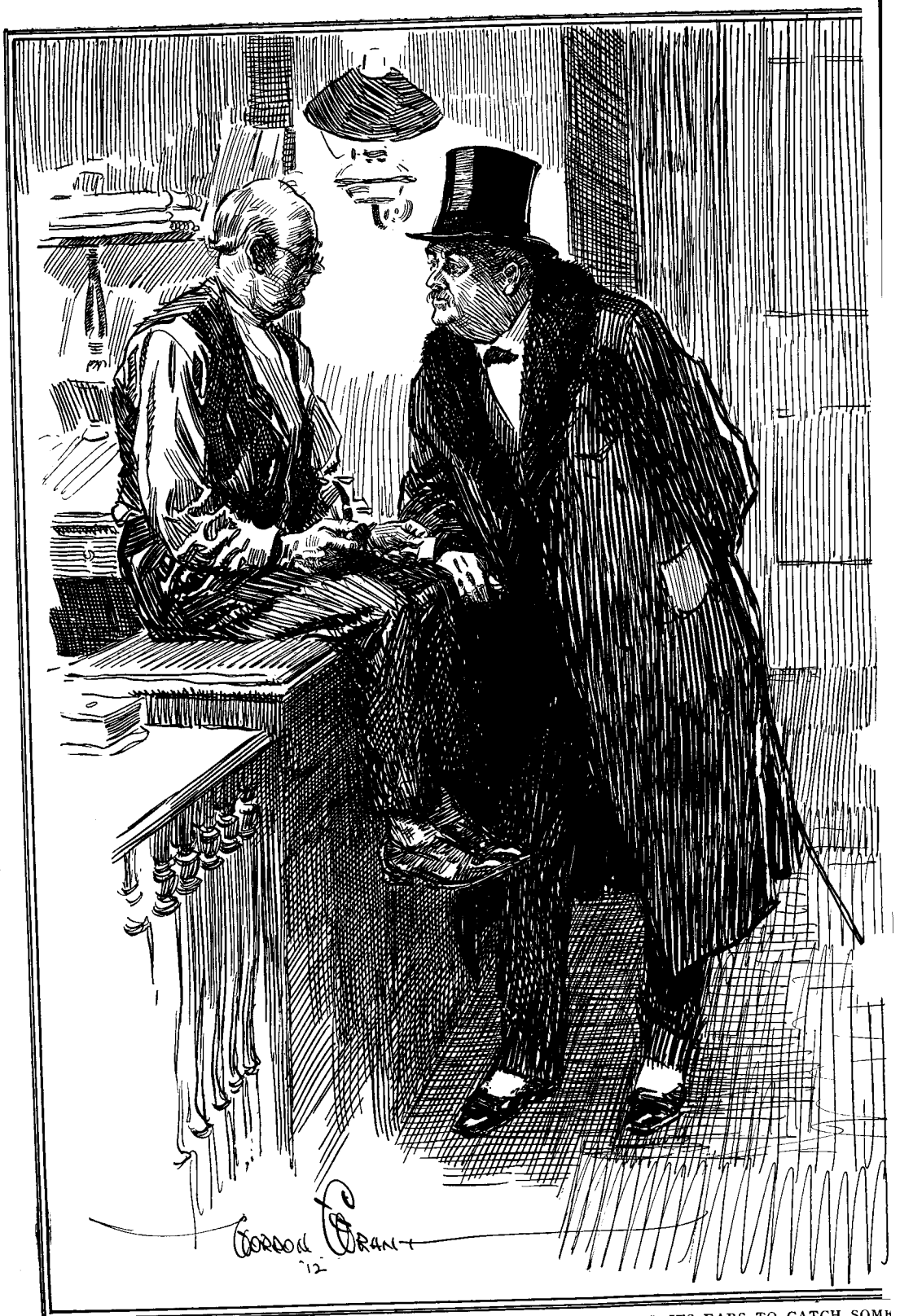

THE LOBBY STRAINED ITS EARS TO CATCH SOMH

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LCHO OF THE CONVERSATION THAT FOLLOWED

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ants of mine had to work nearly a month with the stenographers' notes when it became necessary to print the papers on appeal. . . . Oh, yes, of course I convicted Denslow. But that isn't the point of my yarn. You don't suppose I'd bore you fellows if I'd nothing more to offer than the old, old story of the law's delays. As a matter of fact, I convicted Buck four times.

"I don't know that the details of that long game of 'last tag' would interest you, but some of them were a bit out of the ordinary. After the first verdict the appellate court ordered a new trial because of a technical objection which Dunham had interposed to the method of drawing jurors. It was a perfectly absurd quibble, but there was no help for it, so I put him on trial again, and, avoiding the previous pitfall, obtained another conviction. Did it stand? It did not. The jury had agreed late at night, and the judge had ordered them to render a sealed verdict which the foreman had recorded in due form, except that he had written that the prisoner was guilty of murder in the first *decree* instead of the first *degree*. That was Dunham's chance, and, with the aid of his old reliable dictionary and the learned reviewing court, his client received a new lease of life and another new trial.

"New trials for old was the order of the day with me now, so I was rather surprised to get through two appeals after the next conviction without mishap. But the court of last resort came to Denslow's rescue just in the nick of time with an opinion declaring that the judge who sentenced the prisoner had erred in failing to ask him the formal question as to whether or not he knew of any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against him. . . . I'll show you that masterpiece of judicial erudition some day, if you haven't already come across it in the books.

"Well, practice makes perfect, and the next time I brought my man before a jury I sustained his conviction through all the courts, and the day set for his execution was just five years after the commission of his crime, which up to that date had cost the State nearly twenty thousand dollars."

"I know another case that took even longer than that," observed one of the audience, as Poinder paused.

"Of course you do," he admitted. "The law books of this country are filled with them. But you won't find the climax of *this* case in the records, my friend. . . . Perhaps I needn't tell you that long before I convicted his client for the fourth time Dunham and I had become pretty bitter enemies. I don't believe I'd spoken a word to him outside the court-room for three years, and my office associates, who had begun by joking me about the case, had ended by sympathizing with me and sharing my feeling toward the Resurrectionist. The final decision of our highest courts was accordingly welcomed as an office triumph, and I was congratulated accordingly. But the congratulations were premature.

"It was about this time that electrocution was substituted for hanging in our State, and Dunham appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that the new law violated the Constitution. No one supposed that that tribunal would interfere, and, as a matter of fact, it made such short work of the contention that Denslow merely gained a few months' respite. There was then only one move left for his counsel, and of course he took it by petitioning the Governor for clemency on behalf of his client. But I knew that if the Executive interfered to save that cold-blooded murderer he might as well sign a commutation in blank for all assassins, and I had no fear of the result. Nevertheless, it was not until I filed away his brief memorandum denying the petition that I regarded the case of *People vs. Denslow* as officially closed, and felt justified in dismissing it from my mind."

"I should think you'd have nicknamed Dunham the Obstructionist instead of the Resurrectionist," observed Foster.

"Well, we might," resumed Poinder, "if he'd displayed nothing more than commonplace jugglery with the law. But though Denslow was, figuratively speaking, at the end of his rope, his lawyer wasn't, and a few days before the date set for Buck's execution this was impressed on my mind in a really startling fashion.

"I had arrived at my office somewhat earlier in the morning than usual, and was surprised to find a visitor already waiting for me in the anteroom, who introduced himself as Dr. Emile Atwood. He's dead now—God rest his soul!—but I'll say right now that that wasn't his right name, and I'm not going to tell you what it really was. Naturally, the name he used suggested nothing to me, but he appeared to be a highly intelligent, cultured gentleman, and I begged him to state

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"NO LESS THAN THREE JURIES HAVE CONVICTED THE MAN OF THAT CRIME. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING THAT YOU ARE GUILTY OF IT?"

his business, which he did by remarking that he had called to talk about the case of Buck Denslow.

"'Good Lord!' I exclaimed. 'I thought I was through with that case. Well, what about it?'

"'I want to ask you,' he inquired, 'if there is still any chance of a reprieve or commutation of Denslow's sentence?'

"'Certainly not,' I replied. 'He ought to have paid the penalty of his crime five years ago. He and his lawyer have cost the State nearly twenty thousand dollars already, and I think it's about time they stopped cheating the law at the public's expense.'

"'The defense has been quite as costly,' he observed, reflectively.

"'Nonsense!' I retorted. 'Denslow hasn't a cent and Dunham has spent comparatively little.'

"'He spent nothing,' he replied. 'But still, if it is any satisfaction to the State to know it, the defense has been costly. I know it, because I supplied the funds myself.'

"There was a time in my professional career when that reply would have astonished me, but I had long since schooled myself against surprise.

"'I see,' I responded, quietly. 'You thought Buck innocent?'

"'On the contrary,' he replied with equal calmness, 'I knew he was guilty. A more contemptible murderer never lived.'

"'Then why, in the name of common sense, my dear sir, did you spend money to defend him?' I demanded.

"'Merely to appease my conscience,' he replied. 'I killed Ben Limond myself.'

"All my years of training were not proof against the exclamation of incredulity that escaped me. And yet there was something

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in the doctor's hard, matter-of-fact tone—something in the way he looked at me as he removed his glasses and calmly polished the lenses in his handkerchief—which convinced me that he believed he was speaking the truth.

"'You must be out of your mind!' I asserted. 'Denslow and nobody but Denslow killed Limond. There were two eye-witnesses of the murder. No less than four juries have convicted the man of that crime. What in the world do you mean by saying you are guilty of it?'

"The doctor readjusted his glasses and settled back in his chair.

"'I have no wish to be melodramatic,' he observed, dispassionately. 'I hate all posing of that sort, and the facts are very simple.'

"I did not trust myself to speak, but merely nodded approvingly.

"'Limond was brought to the Emergency Hospital where I was the visiting surgeon immediately after Denslow shot him,' he explained, in the cold professional tone of statement. 'He was not dead, but I saw at a glance that his wound was probably fatal. However, the proper thing to do was to attempt an operation, and he was put under ether at once. It seemed a hopeless task, but as I worked the thought crossed my mind that here was a magnificent opportunity for an experiment I had long desired to make in an operation of this kind but had never quite dared risk. There was no time to debate the question of professional ethics or legal responsibility—the temptation was overwhelming, and I simply could not resist it. All I wanted to do I could effect very quickly. Moreover, Denslow was virtually moribund, and my greatest fear was that he would die before I could make my experiment. . . . Well, he must have been even nearer death than I supposed, for his life went out under my instrument like a candle under one's thumb and finger.'

"The doctor paused and snapped his fingers together.

"'Just like that,' he commented, musingly.

"I stared at the speaker with unfeigned amazement, wondering whether I had to deal with a lunatic or a sane man. He speedily resolved my doubts, however.

"'At the time I felt no compunction whatsoever for my act,' he continued. 'Limond might have lived anywhere from an hour to a day had I not interfered, but no longer. I did not, in any real sense, feel guilty of his death. Indeed, what I did was such a slight matter that the coroner entirely overlooked it, and it was not until a few weeks later, when an operation successfully performed on a similar case showed me just where I had made my mistake, that I gave the matter any further thought. Then, of course, I began to be disturbed by the situation. Perhaps I would have done better had I sought the advice of some lawyer. But I did not. I thought the whole thing out for myself. If I confessed exactly what had happened at the hospital, I fancied that I might be indicted as a criminal and I knew my reputation would be ruined, and I was just on the threshold of a highly successful career. Had there been the slightest doubt of Denslow's guilt I would not have hesitated a moment to sacrifice myself. But, as you know, the man was a cowardly murderer, richly deserving his fate. It was madness to think of blighting all my prospects in his behalf. Nevertheless, the matter preyed upon me, and I finally compromised with my conscience by secretly furnishing Denslow with the means of retaining Dunham and indirectly supplying him with funds to keep up the fight in the hope that he would find some way of at least saving his client's neck. That was all I wanted. But I now see that he has merely succeeded in making a mockery of the law, and money out of me.'

"You may imagine with what feelings I listened to this extraordinary statement, but despite my exasperation and disgust I could not but feel some sympathy for the fellow. When I spoke, however, my tone was brutally harsh and forbidding.

"'Well, why do you consult me, Doctor?' I demanded.

"'To ascertain if there is anything I can do, short of confession, to save Denslow's life,' he answered, suavely. 'You are the public prosecutor in this case. Perhaps if you made the proper representations to the Governor he would commute the sentence.'

"'I shall do nothing of the sort, sir,' I retorted, sternly. 'You'd better get your full money's worth out of your friend Dunham and go to him for advice.'

"'That will not be necessary,' he asserted, complacently. 'I have laid the facts before the public authorities. If they do not choose to act upon them, that proves that they think the law should be allowed to take its course

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and shows me that I have given myself a vast deal of unnecessary anxiety and expense for nothing. In any event, I wash my hands of all further responsibility in the matter, and wish you good-morning, sir.' "

"Well, that fellow was certainly a cool proposition," commented Brundage. "What the dickens did you do, Poinder?"

"What could I do, Tom? As a prosecuting official, you know I couldn't suppress the facts; and as a man and a lawyer, you know that they didn't really affect the question of Denslow's guilt at all. He and not the doctor really killed Limond. . . . Oh, of course I know there *are* decisions freeing murderers because the surgeons who sought to save their victims were careless or incompetent, and I was equally well aware that all that bad law would be grist to Dunham's mill, for what has fooled judges can be used to fool juries. . . . However, there was no escape, and I actually had to supply the fellow with the ammunition for demanding another trial on the ground of this newly discovered evidence. Indeed, I've always thought it must have been this humiliating duty that precipitated the nervous breakdown which incapacitated me for the next twelvemonth. Anyway, when I recovered and returned to the office the *People vs. Denslow* gave me no further concern. In my absence it had been turned over to one of the most hopeless blunderers on our office staff, who permitted one of his eye-witnesses to be smuggled out of the State under his very nose, and got his whole case so sidetracked that before it was reached the other eye-witness died. You can fancy what kind of a showing he made on the trial against Dunham and his corps of surgical experts. No wonder the jury acquitted the innocent Buck!"

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Eph Bisland. "Got off scot free after all! Eh?"

"Yes, as far as *the law* was concerned," drawled Poinder. "But one of Limond's friends shot him the day he left the jail, and the police never caught his executioner."

"And this is a government of law!" muttered Gedney.

"No, sir—of lawyers," laughed Brundage.

The little man rose to his full height and glared angrily at the speaker.

"You laugh, sir!" he burst forth, fairly trembling with rage. "You dare to laugh at such mockeries of justice! It is infamous, sir! infamous that a public officer of the law should treat such scandalous outrages as a joke, and consent to giggle at evils that are undermining our government, debauching our consciences, and shaming us before our neighbors and the world. Sir, your imbecile laugh will sound the doom of this country—if—"

"Come, come, Mr. Gedney," interrupted Poinder, soothingly. "You mustn't get excited. We've got a hard day before us to-morrow, and you and I must go upstairs to prepare for it. Brundage and I will discuss the whole subject with you dispassionately some other day, won't we, Tom?"

The Prosecutor nodded understandingly.

"Certainly," he responded; "and I sympathize with your views more than you suspect, Mr. Gedney," he added, soberly. "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

The little man was already on his way toward his room as Brundage spoke, and his response was uttered without turning his head, as, accompanied by his counsel, he mounted the creaking stairs.

For a moment there was a dead silence in the lobby, its occupants apparently listening to the sound of the retreating footsteps. Then the front door opened and young Hixon, knocking the snow off his shoes, resumed his seat in the circle.

"Where's Poinder and Gedney?" he inquired, glancing about him.

"They've gone upstairs," answered Brundage. "Their case goes on to-morrow, you know."

"I bet it doesn't," asserted Hixon. "Witnesses-in-the-case-of-the-Supply-Company-vs.-Gedney will return to-the-court-this-year—next year—sometime—never!" he chanted. "The Supply people have retained Poinder's friend the Resurrectionist. That's what he's in Belo for. Wow! What a pleasant little surprise for Poinder! And, say, Pete, I guess you'd better get a padded cell ready for Gedney! . . . Shut up yourself, Brundage! I'll talk just as much as I like!"

The second Tale, entitled "The Top of the Calendar," will appear in The Outlook of January 25, 1913

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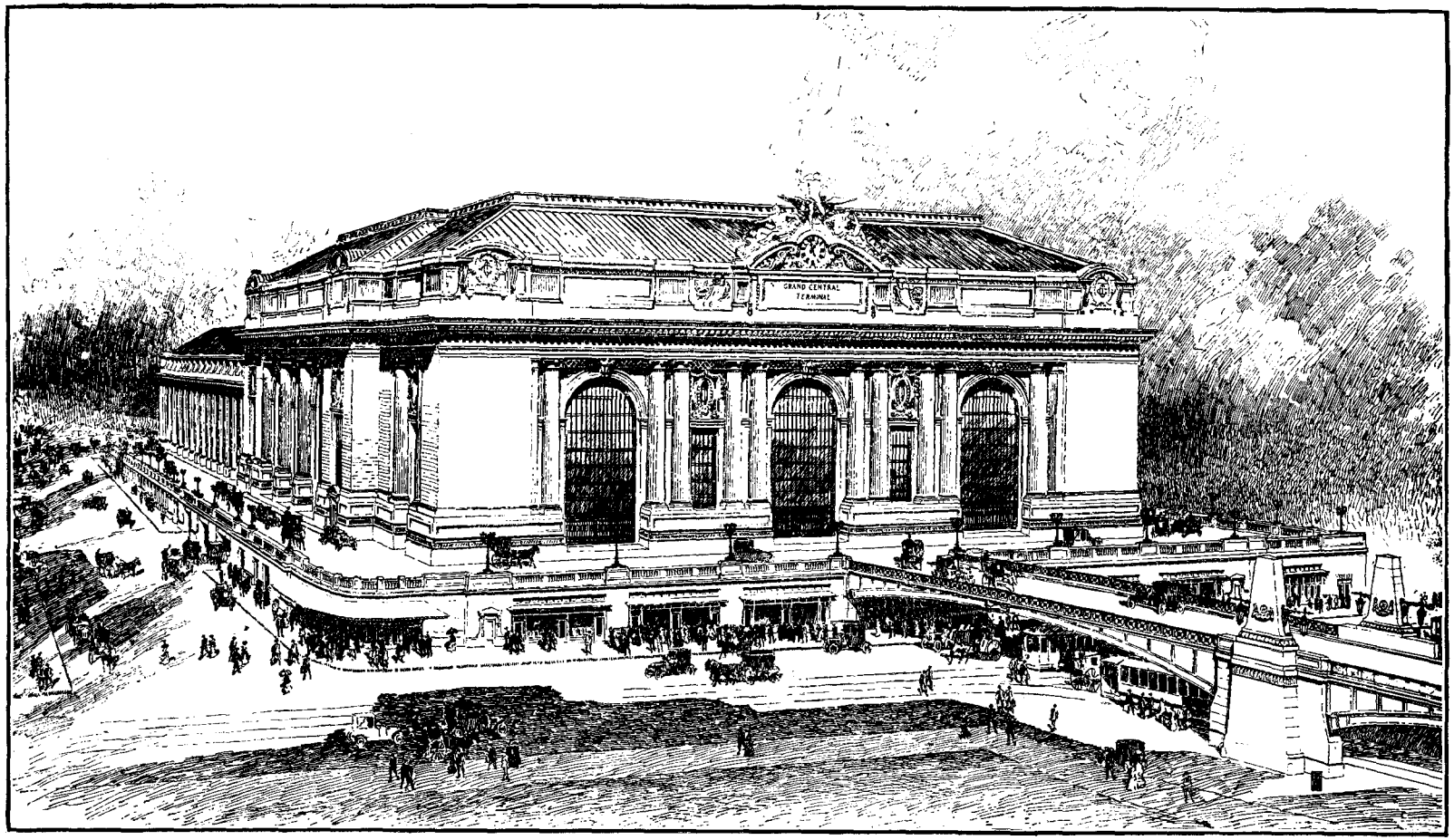

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL AND VIADUCT ACROSS FORTY-SECOND STREET

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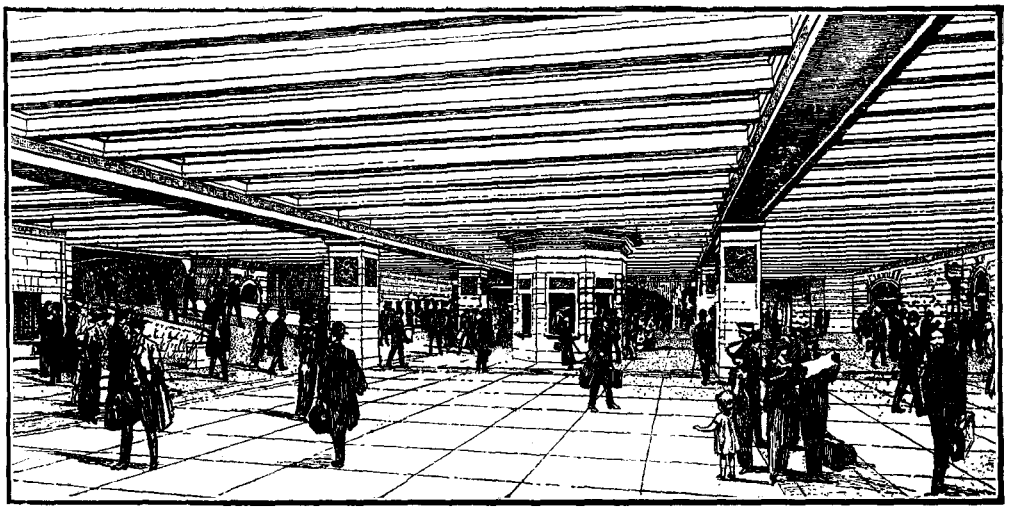

THE SUBURBAN CONCOURSE

The Greatest Railway Terminal in the World

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A FAR-SEEING New Englander who comes down to New York each autumn to buy his Christmas stock looked out of the sleeping-car window one early morning, some six or seven years ago, as the night train from his town came to a slow, grinding halt, and said:

"Jiminy whiz! What are they doing here to the New York Central's old Grand Central? It looks like a mining camp."

The railroader who sat on the leather-cushioned seat of the smoking-compartment hardly took the cigar out from between his lips as he replied:

"They are building the greatest railway station in the world."

The New Englander laughed. You might tell that to the country folks, but not to him. He traveled. He had been in Europe long enough to laugh inwardly at the boasting ways of his own land. We had everything "the greatest in the world"—bridges, public buildings, department stores, hotels, even railway terminals. No wonder Europe smiled at us when our backs were turned! The greatest railway station in the world. Well, he had been to Boston a good many times, and they had told him that about the South Station. And he had been to the last of the big World's Fairs, and they had boasted in self-same fashion about the wide-spreading train-shed vault of the Union Station in St. Louis. And here America was at it again. As if it could dream of the mighty London terminals—of Waterloo, of Liverpool Street, of London Bridge! Why, a real traveler from the Far East had told him of the wide-spreading train-shed of the station at Calcutta, the most modern thing seemingly in that dank and steaming land of long agos. The greatest railway terminal in the world! America could boast.

But as season after season passed, and as the tremendous hole in the rock foundations of Manhattan grew a little larger each season, the New Englander was forced to admit that the renaissance of the Grand Central was "some job." Men laid tracks only to rip them up again; they built great brick and iron structures only to tear down and throw into the scrap-heap; they shifted passengers and baggage and express here and there and everywhere; and all the while the cheery song of the compressed-air drill echoed answering choruses to the rat-a-tap of the riveters and the toilings of the steam-shovels.

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Meanwhile the New Englander came and went with little or no delay to himself or his belongings. Out of seeming confusion there was underlying system, the sort of system which moves unseen and accomplishes much.

This last autumn he came to New York again. The great rock-cut excavation, extending some sixteen city blocks, was almost hidden. Above its center had risen one of the typical modern creations of the inspired type of American architect—a superb and symmetrical thing in enduring marble. The man from New England found his way through the myriad hallways of the building in a straight and simple path, just as the designers of the building had intended he should find it. But he caught glimpses of the vast reaches of the structure, the really wonderful proportions of its waiting-rooms and its concourse. It was all simple, and it was settled, and it seemed as if the new Grand Central had been bending to its great work for long years. Yet the man knew that the songs of the air-drill and the riveters and the steam-shovels had hardly ceased within the twelvemonth.

He went out of the station and straight to a near-by hotel. In the lobby of that modern and glorified tavern he met a chance acquaintance. Politics, business, a myriad things, hung pendent and unseen within the very atmosphere, but the man from New England had but one comment to make to his acquaintance.

"I have just arrived in New York through the greatest railway station in the world," he said.

To understand first the immensity of the problem that faced the builders of the new Grand Central one must go back to the very beginnings of the terminal station problem in the city of New York. The New York and Harlem was the first line to place its rails upon the island of Manhattan—away back in the year 1834. Its station, if one might call it such, first stood at the corner of Chambers and Centre Streets, within a stone's throw of the City Hall. As the town grew, reaching all the while farther north, and the railway also grew, the road retreated from its original terminal. In a little while it was starting its trains from White Street; a little later from Broome Street and the Bowery; then came the day when the railway to New Haven was also completed, and it began sharing with the Harlem road a brand new station at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, the site of the present Madison Square Garden. That was a three-story affair of brick, inclosing an open yard into which the cars came and from which they went, some to go even as far as Albany and Boston. But after a little while the town was growing closely around about Twenty-sixth Street, and citizens were demanding that the locomotives be barred from Fourth Avenue, through which the trains reached the station. Commodore Vanderbilt was beginning to dominate the New York railway situation, and he finally built an engine-house in a vacant lot alongside a cross-road which was to become Forty-second Street. After that the locomotives did not often venture below Forty-second Street. Horses, four and six and eight to each dusty yellow railway coach, took the cars from Twenty-sixth Street up through the long tunnel to the engine-house and the waiting locomotive. It was a sight to see the morning express start for Boston, a regular cavalcade rolling up through Fourth Avenue.

Meanwhile the Hudson River Railroad had been completed, and its stations were on the west side of the town—the down-town station at Chambers Street, and the up-town or outer station at Thirtieth Street and Tenth Avenue. About war time a horse communication was established between the inner and outer stations of the Hudson River road, a practice which was common among the larger cities along the Atlantic seaboard, and which in the case of the Harlem road from Twenty-sixth Street down to the City Hall gave birth to the first distinctive railway in the world.

War time, with its brave and martial show of regiments coming and going through New York, first demonstrated the inefficiency of the early passenger terminals of the town. New York was growing. So was the country. Commodore Vanderbilt, whose strategy had begun with the acquisition of the Harlem road, had in turn taken over the Hudson River line and the chain of prosperous little railways from Albany to Buffalo—all as the nucleus of the first great railway system that America was to know. He first planned a railway freight station, on the site of what had been for many years St. John's Park, in Varick Street. You can still see St. John's Park, as the railroaders have known that freight station for almost half a century, down in the lower west side of New York, the bronze effigy of Commodore Vanderbilt

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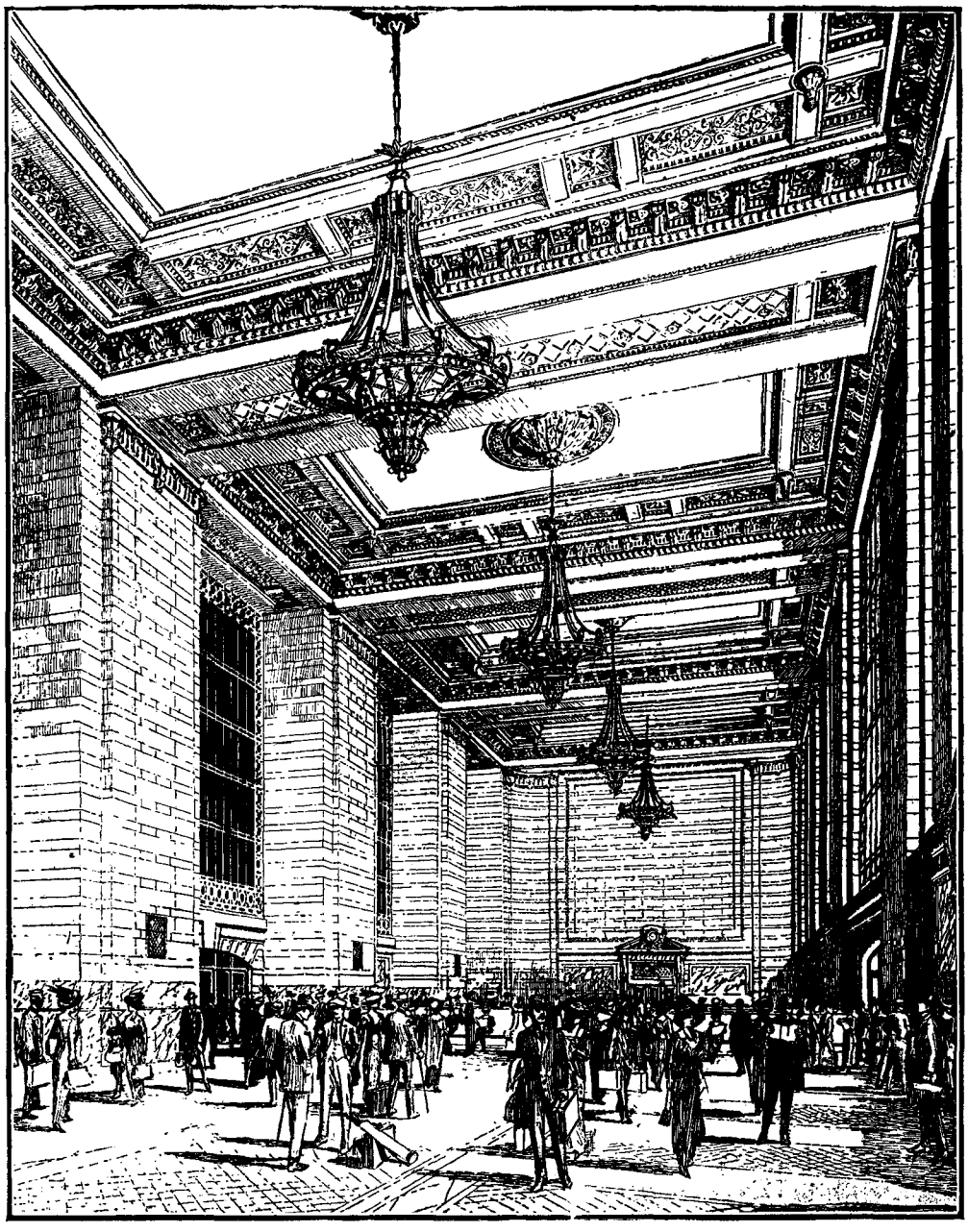

THE MAIN WAITING-ROOM

rising from a remarkable bas-relief of steamboats and railway trains on its dusty façade.

But that settled only half the problem. The passenger business of the railways of the land was beginning to be a considerable thing. Americans were getting the travel habit. Even the genus of the commuter had been born. And the so-called railway terminals of New York City were dirty and inadequate arks. The first of the railway Vanderbilts saw all these things. He decided to solve them all at a single stroke, to bring all the three roads entering Manhattan Island into a single terminal, and to abolish the hauling by horses of a multiplying number of heavier railway coaches through the streets of the biggest town of the land.

And so a little later he was driving his

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friends down the back street that was called Forty-second, stopping beside the engine-houses there and telling them that he was going to build the greatest railway station in the world upon that site. His friends laughed at him. It was still well outside the city. On one side of Forty-second Street the engine-houses sent up their pall of smoke; on the other gangs of horses worked in treadmills cutting wood for hungry fire-boxes. People would never come up to Forty-second Street to take the cars for Boston or for Albany or Buffalo, and they all told Commodore Vanderbilt that.

But they did not know Vanderbilt. They did not know the prophetic vision of a keen-headed Dutchman who had purchased a chain of railways from the Atlantic to the Lakes, at reasonably high prices for those days, because he had foreseen that the time was coming when business economics would demand but one line from New York to Buffalo, one line from New York to Chicago. Analyzed, there was not so much prophecy about that vision as cool-headed reasoning power. New York had been coming steadily north on Manhattan island for three-quarters of a century. The City Hall was completed a century ago, and its builders, with a thrifty economy, fashioned its rear wall of sandstone because they felt that the town would never get north of that old structure. Vanderbilt's judgment was different. He put himself in touch with the engineers and architects, and in the fall of 1871 a giant structure had arisen at Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, and boastful New York was talking of its Grand Central Depot. New York was in ecstasy about the building. It was the finest thing in town. Its ornate and graceful train-shed spanned thirteen tracks, and even if our fathers did wonder where the cars could come from to fill so spacious an apartment, they had to marvel at its beauty. And Commodore Vanderbilt was sure that it would serve his fine and growing railway for a full century.

In forty years the last vestige of the Grand Central Depot, a building which to a considerable portion of this land was second in fame only to the Capitol at Washington, was gone. Workmen had torn it stone from stone and brick from brick and carted it off as waste to scrap-yards. The majesty of that lovely vaulted train-shed had been reduced to a pile of rusty and useless iron. It had been outgrown and discarded.

In fact, within a dozen years the wonderful depot was overtaxed. Even Vanderbilt's prophetic vision could not grasp the growth that was coming, not only to New York, but to the great territory he served, and in a dozen years workmen were clearing a broad space to the east of the main structure for an annex train-shed of a half-dozen tracks to relieve the pressure upon the original station. Another twelve years and the laborers were again upon the Grand Central, this time adding stories to the original structure and trying to simplify its operation by new baggage and waiting rooms. Within the third dozen years the workmen were busy with air-drill and steam-shovel digging the great hole in the rock that was the first notice to the Grand Central that its short lease of busy life was ending. And in the fortieth year of its age they were tearing down the old station—grown old within the span of two generations, old because it had been outgrown. To such proportions can the traffic of the north gate of a real city come.

The problem of the new Grand Central was both engineering and architectural. As in the case of all railway terminals of any real size, it was first necessary to solve the engineering problem. That meant first that the passenger traffic into New York from the north and east for another fifty or a hundred years must be discounted—not an easy matter, when in the case of a single famous trunk-line railway it has been found that the passenger travel has doubled each ten years for the past three decades. When the statisticians put down their pencils, the engineers whistled. To fashion a station for the traffic of 1960, even for that of 1935, meant such a passenger station as no railway head, no engineer, no architect, had ever before dreamed of building. At a low estimate, it meant that there would have to be some forty or fifty stub-tracks in the train-shed. In the great train-shed of the Union Station at St. Louis there are thirty-two of these stub-tracks, and the span of that shed is 606 feet. That would have meant in the case of the new Grand Central a train-house with a width of nearly a thousand feet. The engineers shook their heads. They knew their limitations. The Grand Central was hedged in by the most expensive real estate in New York. On the open lot where Commodore Vanderbilt had seen the horse-treads cutting the wood for his locomotive stood a modern

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hotel twenty stories in height, while Forty-second Street had come into its own—one of the greatest thoroughfares in a city of great streets. To buy any large quantity of adjoining land for the new Grand Central was out of the question.

Fortunately there was a way out. There generally is. The electric locomotive had come into its own. For the operation of the congested four-track tunnel under Park Avenue from the very throat of the Grand Central's station yard up to Harlem it represented an almost ideal form of traction, largely because of its cleanliness and freedom from smoke. For the engineers who were giving their wits to the planning of a new terminal it was the solution of their hardest problem.

They would cut their train-shed of fifty tracks about in half—and then place one of these halves directly above the other. That would make a fairly logical division between the through and the suburban traffic of the terminal. In that way the new Grand Central has been planned. That one thing represents its first great demarcation from the other great passenger stations of the land. It also is the thing that pointed the way to the most wonderful development of New York's most wonderful terminal, the thing that is infinitely greater than the station itself.

If you remember the old Grand Central, you will remember the spreading railway yard at its portals—that broad, black-breasted thing which had its throat at the narrow entrance of the Park Avenue approach tunnels and widened fanlike both to the nineteen train-shed tracks of the old station and the various service sidings that led to the one side or the other. It was always an impressive place; by night, with its flashing signals of red and green and yellow, its glare of dominant headlights and the constant unspoken orders of swinging lamps; by day, a seeming chaos of locomotives and of cars, turning this way or that, slipping into the dark, cool train-shed under grinding brakes, or else starting from that giant cavern with gathering speed, to roll half-way across the continent before the final halt. To the layman it was doubly fascinating, because he knew that the chaos was really order on a scientific and tremendous scale, that the alert little man who stood at the levers of the inconspicuous tower amid-yard was the clear-minded human who was directing the working of a great terminal by the working of his brain. But to the thinking railroader that railway yard, like every other railway yard in the heart of a great city, was a waste that was hardly less than criminal.

The coming of the electric locomotive has ended that waste in the hearts of our American cities. Concretely, in the case of the new Grand Central, it has made a splendid solution of a single growth problem in the largest city of our continent. For while the new Grand Central service and approach yards will be on a single level, considerably larger than the old—some sixty acres, all told—they will apparently have disappeared. In that thing alone a great obstacle to the constant uptown growth of New York has been removed. Sixteen precious city blocks have been given back to the city for development. And right here the new Grand Central reaches its apotheosis of terminal importance.

If it was easy to operate clean tunnels by electricity as a tractive force and to place one train-shed upon another, it is equally easy to create and operate a roofed-over yard—and that is precisely what has been done in the case of the new terminal. Both its main approach yard and the slightly smaller network of tracks that serve the low-level suburban platforms now lie well below the established street surfaces of Manhattan. Streets that have been closed for half a century have been given back to the city, while upon them has already begun to rise the most important single building development that New York has ever known—important because it represents a single main "up and down" avenue of Manhattan on which great new buildings for eight blocks are being brought to even height and harmonious construction under the direction of one firm of architects. What that may represent as an inspiration to the city's growth and development only future generations may really know. It is already certain that it has made the new Grand Central more than a mere railway station or wide-spreading passenger terminal. And incidentally it has made it the most practical railway station from the point of view of its owners that America has yet seen.

Mr. W. G. McAdoo, the creator of the rapid transit tunnels under the Hudson River, blazed the way when he found a terminal for his tubes in the enormously high-priced real estate of the extreme southern tip of Manhattan Island. To have set aside a great tract exclusively for such a terminal would

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have been a real burden upon not only his company but every one of its patrons. Mr. McAdoo builded twin sky-scrapers over his underground terminal, and from them brought a revenue that not only met his carrying and operating charges for the station, but brought his company something of a profit in addition. On a larger scale, the New York Central will reap the benefits of the same sort of far-sightedness. The greatest railway station in the world will be, in the long run, the least expensive to operate. And the city of New York gets at a fell swoop a civic center such as is the aim and hope of every progressive American town of to-day. There are some pretty big indirect benefits to be charged to the coming of electricity.

With the main scheme for the new terminal settled, there arose before its builders the larger problem. It was one thing to have planned a station with forty-nine main tracks and a capacity for handling more than one hundred thousand persons a day at the outset, and to have done it on something like half the site ordinarily required for such a terminal. But when that site was already occupied by the railway station doing the second largest volume of business in the country and showing a steady increase of traffic each year—a business that could not be moved and must be accommodated at all times—that was the larger problem. The solving of it became as exquisite a bit of engineering work as has yet been accomplished in this country.

It was decided that the work could be accomplished only by successive steps—the engineers called them "bites"—and that there could be mighty few missteps. There were mighty few of these. American engineering has come to be a thoroughly developed science. In the first place, the railway agents quietly acquired some little necessary surrounding real estate for the development of future storage tracks at the northeast corner of the yard, and then, as they began demolishing houses on this tract along Lexington Avenue, they began building a substantial brick and steel building on the small city square at Madison Avenue, Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets. That building cost a quarter of a million dollars, was built fireproof, thoroughly equipped with elevators and other modern building conveniences, and yet its builders knew that it would serve only a temporary purpose, for less than a decade.

Its temporary purpose was important. Among the other property along the west side of Lexington Avenue that the New York Central—the owner road of the new terminal—purchased was the so-called Grand Central Palace, an ancient ark, given to the holding of public balls, mass-meetings, and expositions of a smaller sort. It had helped house the important post-office sub-station at the north railway gate of New York—a function that had to be accommodated continuously along with other features of the terminal. To move the post-office and a group of railway offices into the temporary building on Madison Avenue, at the far west of the tract, was but a matter of detail. After that the old "Palace" was made into an auxiliary railway station, and the Annex on Forty-second Street, which had been serving incoming trains since 1884, was torn down.

It has all been like a mighty puzzle—moving here, replacing there, moving again there—but the men who have been making the moves have looked keenly ahead into the future. No step has been meaningless. The Annex razed, the steam-shovels that had begun boring into the east edge of the tract in August of 1903 were brought to its site and began their great task of making the excavation below the level of the lowest of the suburban tracks, some fifty feet below the sidewalk of Forty-second Street. More than three million cubic yards of earth and rock, mostly rock, have been taken out of that great hole that has disappeared under the structure of the new Grand Central. If three million cubic yards of rock makes no great impression upon your mind, know then that it would fill a solid train reaching from New York to Omaha—some fifteen hundred miles. And it has taken nearly a million pounds of dynamite—an almost incomparable force—to loosen the rock.

The job was a titanic one, albeit it was worked in delicate precision of detail. It was necessary at all times to give the operation of the terminal the right of way. That operation meant an average daily use of the station by four hundred regular trains, with nearly as many more empty. An army of seventy thousand persons—about equal to the population of Utica, New York—passed through its portals each working day of the year. Not for a single hour, day or night, during the ten years of construction was that great machine of operation halted. Passengers sometimes had to go in roundabout

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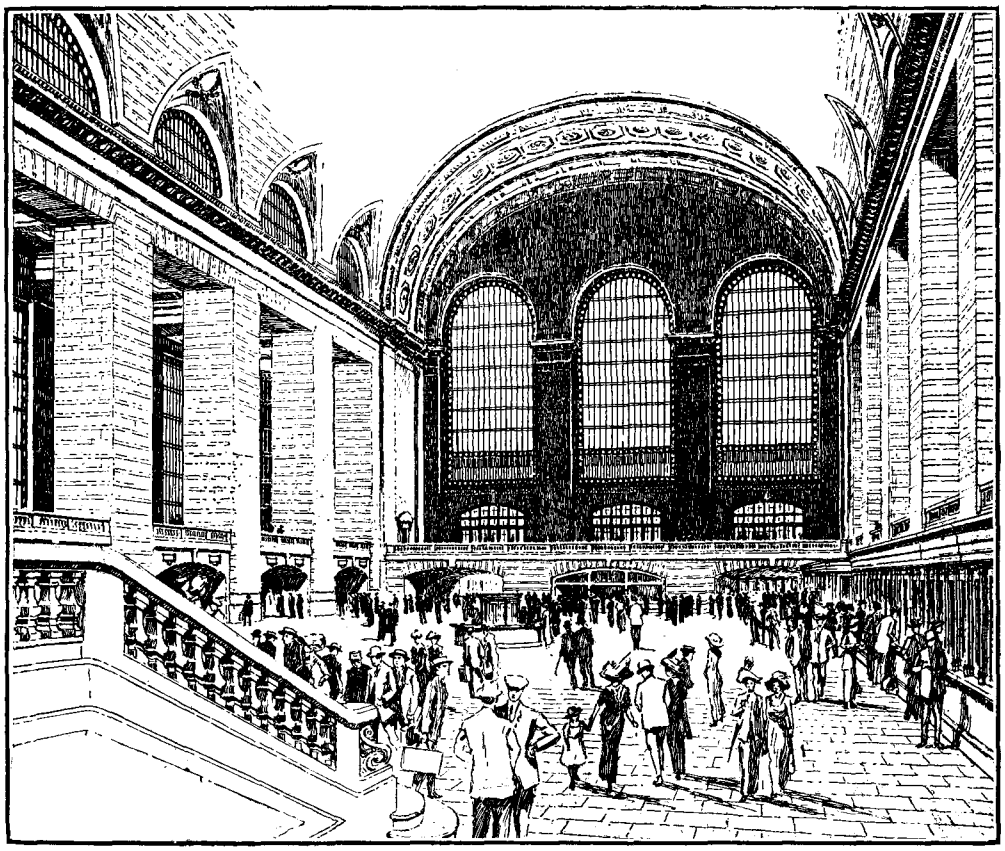

THE MAIN OUTBOUND CONCOURSE

fashion and through strange places to reach their trains, but their trains were there, and were being despatched according to schedule.

And all the while the work of preparing for the new terminal progressed. Engineers made cool calculations upon their blue-prints and reported so much per cent excavation, so much per cent construction, accomplished, and each week those percentages increased in decimals. The work moved steadily forward from the east edge of the tract toward the west. Between the completed levels that the chattering air-drill and the protesting steam-shovels left behind them and the ragged edge of the familiar old yard there was for six years a strip from 150 to 200 feet in width that the terminal engineers called the "construction zone." In that long, narrow strip were the drills and shovels. In the deep hole the casual travelers peering down from the long runways that were held stilt-fashion over them could see the workers making a little progress—not much—all the while.

But their progress was certain all the time. Finally they were at the east edge of the great train-shed that had been the pride of Commodore Vanderbilt and the builders of the old station. To take down that construction, weighing almost two thousand tons, without endangering or obstructing the constant traffic underneath was no easy problem. But by this time the engineers of the terminal were used to "stickers," and they welcomed this new one.

They solved it, of course. The engineer emulates the bright lexicon of youth in having blue-penciled "failure" from his vocabulary. They built a timber structure as high as a theater and two hundred feet in width, and mounted it upon wheels and rails. They called it a "traveler," and as it slowly moved south toward the head-house and the famous waiting-room of the old station, the workmen who swarmed upon it tore away the heavy train-shed piece by piece. When it was gone, the traveler was dismounted and the old Grand Central was without its most distinctive feature. And a very little while later the rock-drills and the steam-shovels were eating

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at the rock beneath the site of that famous shed.

The zone of construction moved steadily westward. Slowly the operation retreated from the old high level, to gain new tracks at the completed levels at the temporary station under the old "Palace" in Lexington Avenue. Sometimes the workers took but one track, rarely more than two. And all the while they adjusted themselves to the situation. Now it was the summer rush coming to a vast ebb tide on the 3d of July, to flow back in a mighty rush on the day after Labor Day; this time it was some special occasion—thirty special trains to take the boys and girls up to the Princeton game at New Haven, a Christmas rush of traffic, perhaps. At all times the situation was met and the terminal in chaos of reconstruction accommodated the demands that were made upon it. The engineers found the way—patiently, for patience is a consummate virtue in the developed science of engineering. Slowly they gained upon the tracks of the old train-shed until but six, then four, then three, then two were left.

After that the last of the officers of the railways had to move from the pretentious and high-ceilinged rooms of the old Grand Central to the first of the new group of terminal structures which the builders had just finished at the Lexington Avenue rim of the tract, just north of the Grand Central Palace. Then the wreckers fell upon what remained of Commodore Vanderbilt's masterpiece and tore it to the ground and out from below the ground. The steam-shovels moved west again, and again and again, until the temporary structure on Madison Avenue had to go—the post-office having been moved to its fine permanent quarters on Lexington Avenue. When they had satiated their hunger with the last mouthful of those three million cubic yards of mother earth—remember that gravel express stretching all the way from New York to Omaha—the foundation men came in upon their heels. Above the subterranean recesses for storage tracks they began building the footholds for a twenty-story hotel; for the new terminal is going to follow a foreign fashion and have a great hostelry as one of its many functions.

So, in brief, was the work accomplished. Now come for an instant and see it as accomplished, bending for the first months to the work for which it was builded. If we approach it from Forty-second Street, we shall see it as a dominating influence from afar, and that despite its low-set dignity among a group of sky-scrapers. But the influence of a mighty railway terminal, the north gate of a mighty city, stretches for blocks; to seeing folk, in the nature of the traffic within the streets, in the very character of the shops, big and little, that line them. Let us make ourselves part of that traffic for the moment. We might pretend that our very wealthy great-aunt had just died, and so we can afford the luxury of a New York taxicab just once and ride to the new terminal across the low-swung bridge that spans Fourth Avenue, Forty-second Street, and their mass of traffic from the high levels of Murray Hill, and drive along the terraced front of the new station to its stately carriage doors. But perhaps we are thankful that "Auntie" is very much alive, and so perhaps we come to the station doors in a plebeian green Fourth Avenue car, or the equally plebeian red chariot that traverses Forty-second Street. Those doors will open just as wide for us as the ones on the carriage level above, and we can be very thankful that we do not have to press forward through a maze of automobile traffic. They open as wide for the man bound for Harlem or the Bronx as for the man who is bound for San Francisco and does not care who knows it. And for the transcontinental traveler, his path from the street is as easy as that of a barrel rolling down hill. His train is straight ahead of him.

"Downstairs," you correct. You remember what we said about all the tracks being now below the street levels of Manhattan.

You are wrong. Stairs have been eliminated from the new Grand Central, at least where passengers are concerned. In their place are what the engineers call "ramps"—long, easy inclines that take a man up and down without his ever having a chance to realize it. The new station is going to be a boon to invalids, a paradise to a tired man with arms filled with packages or baggage. And in this single feature it has proclaimed itself one of the great as well as one of the distinctive railway stations of the world.

The path from the street level leads straight to the floor of the concourse, the chief architectural feature of the head-house, and situated at the level of the subway mezzanine, from which it is expected that the station will draw eighty per cent of its traffic. That concourse is the very heart of the new Grand

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Central, and you are silenced at first sight of it.

"This room is 272 feet long, 120 feet wide, 125 feet high to its vaulted ceiling," mumbles your guide. "It is lined with Botticino marble—"

But you do not hear him. You are remembering. A man who helped to build this station told you something about this very room. You have seen the New York City Hall, that most treasured building within the metropolis. It is a sizable structure, even if it has come to the dignity of old age, with its two high stories, its basement, and its attic, all surmounted by a lovely dome. The man told you that you could set the New York City Hall within this concourse, tower and all, and have a comfortable margin of room to spare.

But the concourse is something more than the architect's expression of the heart of the terminal. Around it are ranged facilities for travelers: ticket windows, parcel-checking stands, baggage wickets, waiting-room, information bureaus—all the paraphernalia that go to make travel easy. Even size may be bended to convenience, and that very thing seems to have been accomplished within the new Grand Central.

You want to go to the train-shed, and say so. Your guide smiles at you.

"There is no train-shed," says he, and forthwith leads you with a magic password past one of the vigilant ticket examiners at a train door. He is right. You are within a low apartment, much pillared and with ceilings low-vaulted—seemingly much lower after the vaulted magnificence of the concourse. In the long barrels of this place are the trains, silently moving into place or slipping out upon their work.

In the first instant a vague sense of disappointment creeps over you. A railway passenger terminal without a lofty and smoke-filled train-shed seems like a Sunday-school without a Christmas tree. You used to like to stand in the open concourse of older great stations of this land and gaze into the fascinations of the train-shed; long trains departing with a mighty effort as their locomotives caught the rail, panting and shouting through the echoes of the girded roof, equally long trains slowing to a stop beside stretching platforms—platforms clean swept the one instant and the next black with in-bound humans. To look up into the front of the steam locomotive—a far more beautiful thing than the electrical engineer has yet devised—and then to see the folk detrain, all the little human comedies and tragedies upon that concourse—

"By the way, are the incoming people here?" You ask that of your guide.

"Oh, they have a considerable station to themselves," he tells you. Then he explains more fully how traffic at the new Grand Central is thoroughly divided; first the through from the suburban by the two levels, then the incoming from the outgoing, finally the passengers from the baggage. It comes to you that you have not had to dodge a single baggage truck since you first entered this station.

Now you are getting the fullness of the terminal. You are seeing the economic wisdom of the passing of the train-shed. Up overhead, in what would have been the vaulted arch of an old-fashioned train-shed—smoke-filled, poisonous-aired, and a tremendous waste of space—are plenty of necessary adjuncts to the terminal: a baggage-room with a floor capacity nearly equal to Madison Square Garden, a cab-stand, and some hundreds of valuable offices. And your guide will tell you that the foundations are so built that these offices can be eventually carried to twenty-five or thirty stories in height without ever disturbing the work of the terminal.

Here, then, is size, economy, efficiency, beauty—the result in steel and stone and concrete of years of hard thinking by competent engineers and architects. All together have gone toward making the first of the passenger terminals of a new sort, the structure which, when taken from every point of view, can easily be called the greatest railway station in the world.

"Isn't there a train-shed down there under this?" you venture to inquire.

Bless your heart, of course there is. We retrace our steps across the vast expanse of the main concourse and toward the subway ticket offices. A branch ramp shows itself. We follow that easy incline, merging ourselves with an ebb tide of commuters, for the day is already drawing to its close. We follow them past waiting-rooms, which on both levels have been set apart distinct from the concourses, and a very comfortable restaurant, into a concourse which save for height might almost be called a replica of the great hall on the upper floor. Within it the single stream of commuters divides itself into many lesser streams—folk going home

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to Yonkers or Ossining, to Bronxville and to Goldenbridge, to New Rochelle and Coscob. These folk represent the bulk of the traffic that goes to making an incoming crest tide in the morning, an outgoing one at night. But their comfort has been as carefully considered as that of the through passengers on the upper level. And they are relieved of the necessity of stairs.

And now you may wish to go "behind the scenes." It is quickly enough arranged. You express a desire to see how those many, many trains are sent in and out of their long waiting tracks beside the loading and unloading passengers. Easily enough. Here is one center of activity—Tower B, the largest switch-tower in the world, and located more than thirty feet below the level of the streets of New York. Perhaps you were fortunate enough to have entered at some time the switch-tower of the old Grand Central, in its own generation the largest ever built. If so, the memories of that long, sun-filled, high-set room, with its row of switch levers gleaming like gun-barrels, have never gone from you. You can easily recall the towermen in their shirt-sleeves watching the trains pull out from the shadows of the big shed or the long bores of the Park Avenue tunnels, and how they measured the course of thousand-ton trains across the switch complications of the yard by thrusting the levers in and out—all at the word of another shirt-sleeved man who took the operation of the yard from his commanding point of observation as a part of a day's work.

The shirt-sleeved man in command is in Tower B, but there is no observation from his towers. Its windows merely look out into a shadowy forest of pillars and of indistinct lights. Sunshine does not penetrate here, and still the boss towerman knows the movement of every train that comes fearlessly through that thirty-acre basement.

"There's the five-ten Croton local," he tells you, and then calls "Eleven—thirty-nine—four," just as if he were giving signals on a football field. Instead he is giving signals on a railway field for the nine men who stand at the signal-box, very much like the box of an old-fashioned square piano, only much elongated. They turn their levers, pulling them out or driving them in with a quick thrust of the fingers. Modern science has already done away with the long-arm levers. It took some muscle to pull one of the old-time levers and set a switch a quarter of a mile distant; nor was that labor lessened under the stress of hard winter weather, when all the working parts of switch and signal mechanism had a constant tendency to clog and freeze. Here in Tower B a five-year-old boy could operate the levers half a day without fatigue.

"Eleven—thirty-nine—four." It is all as simple as A B C to the men facing those four hundred levers. That means that the train leaving platform track eleven in the suburban station will take route thirty-nine through to track four of the Park Avenue tunnel. The towermen must know the proper half-dozen or dozen of the levers to adjust. That is the trick of their trade, and they turn it remarkably well.

"That five-ten will draw past here in just thirteen seconds," says the boss towerman. You fix your eyes upon the punctilious little regulator-clock that stands upon his desk and time the accuracy of that remark. He is accurate even to the minute fraction of a precious second. At the beginning of the thirteenth second the nose of a big electric locomotive is opposite Tower B, and before the fifteenth has lapsed off into eternity you are glancing down at the monitor windows of the solid steel cars and seeing the commuters at their cards and evening papers.

That precision of the thirteenth second is the precision of the greatest railway station in the world. It is the thing that keeps its operation through the nightly strain of the evening rush hour from being an unmannerly chaos that would be a tangle of hours.

"We keep our minds on our knitting," says the boss towerman afterwards. "There's thirty thousand commuters come out of here each night, and if these three towers weren't up to the job—well, if we were to tie up these business men getting home at night or getting in to work in the morning for even fifteen minutes, it would cost them nearly ten thousand dollars in valuable time."

The boss at Tower B does some fine mathematical calculating in his busiest minutes.

The Grand Central Station, even the roomy new terminal, has not yet quite touched the business of Liverpool Street, London, the busiest railway station in the world. Liverpool Street, with a far smaller trackage, still handles the astonishing total of 990 trains, some 176,000 passengers, every twenty-four hours. But New York is not yet London, either in size or in congestion, although she

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progresses. The Grand Central has been built to meet a considerable degree of progression. Which brings to our minds the question of ultimate capacity. When you ask from the guide of the railway, the man who has taken you through all those glowing public rooms and even "behind the scenes" to the mysteries of Tower B, as to those things, he shakes his head.

"You'll have to see Mr. Harwood," he says.

We do see Mr. Harwood. He is the engineer in charge of the rearing of the terminal, and, in touch with the architects and the consulting engineers, he has followed the weaving of its details with infinite care.

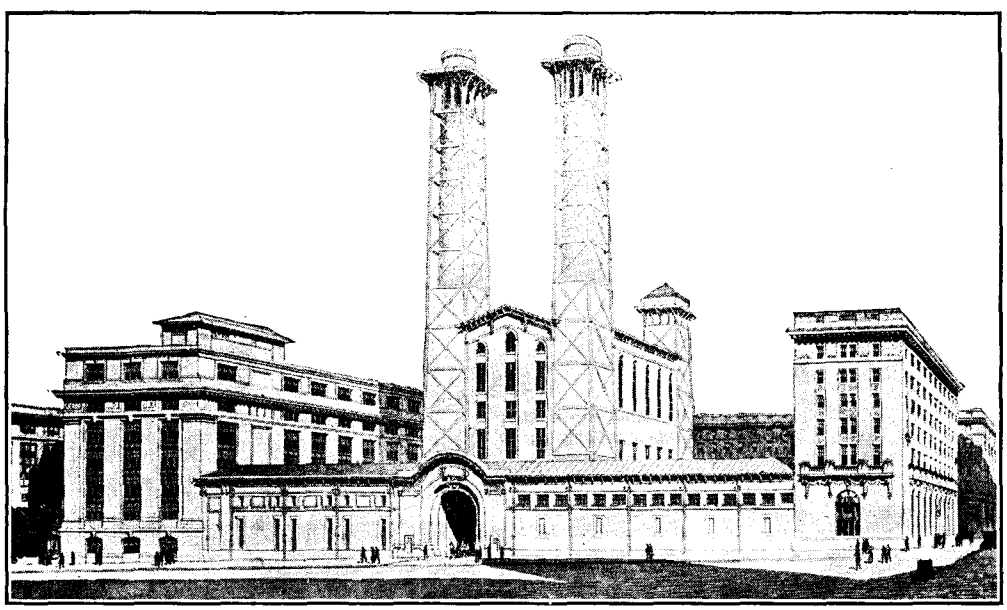
"We have figured at the beginning," he says, "at doing something better than taking care of the maximum business of the station as we feel it at high-tide times, the great outbound summer rush just before the Fourth of July, the home-bound wave at Labor Day. That means that not only can we take care of 500 regular trains, in addition to empty train movements, in the course of a day, handling, let us say, some 80,000 persons, but that we can store, clean, and restock the cars needed for handling them.

"When the Grand Central comes to the pinch, it can do far better. It can return to the plan it followed for some recent years, since we first felt the hard pressure upon the old station, and take care of these storage and service facilities somewhere uptown. With that done and the loops at the south end of the terminal brought into full service, the capacity of the new Grand Central becomes overwhelming. It would be about equal to the capacity of a six-track railway. In other words, with trains spaced in the Park Avenue tunnel as they are spaced on the viaduct a little farther north, we could handle about a train a minute. With ten-car trains I have figured that the station could then handle up to two million passengers in twenty-four hours, if ever such a traffic should come to its doors."

But even as experienced a terminal engineer as Mr. Harwood can hardly dare to predict the future passing through the north gate of a city like New York. He dare not laugh at possibilities. He can only see the town creep up Manhattan, span the rivers that sought to encompass her, remember that the old Grand Central, builded for a century, came to ashes in less than half that time, and, with all the resources that stand behind him, build at least for this generation and the few that are to follow a passenger terminal that can truthfully be called the greatest railway station in the world.

"And when this one becomes inadequate?" you dare to venture.

"Then there will come engineers competent to meet the problem," he says, with the confidence that is inborn in his profession.



Adams Express Company Building Power Plant of the New York Central Young Men's Christian Association Building

THE REAR OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL TERMINAL

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Nature Month By Month

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

January: Nature's Resting Hour

WINTER, in the old simile, is likened to the sleep of the year, and January is its midnight. Nature is resting, well blanketed from outer cold. The crust of frost closes the pores of the soil, preventing the escape of its interior heat and moisture, a roof of ice is laid across the ponds, and over all is spread a warm coverlet of snow—not a "winding-sheet," as the poets say—for the earth is not dead. Summer sleeps beneath winter's shelter. Now and then there comes a warm spell, when the snow, which has held down the fallen leaves and sere herbage, melts and gives the ground a drink of the nourishment their dissolving affords. The roots of the trees take none of this nourishment now, for their tiny pumps are out of gear. Each plant has been through a season of tremendous exertion. Its myriad leaves, its flowers and fruit, the building cells that have laid new wood beneath the bark or pushed out countless rootlets, the cells that have

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assimilated and adapted the materials of life and increase, have been ceaselessly active for many months. They cannot keep up the pace forever. Repairs must be made, waste products got rid of. The winter is their opportunity.

Among these quiet roots lurk innumerable little sleepers, as inert but as vital as they. Children often ask what becomes of the summer insects. Where do all the butterflies and mosquitoes and creeping things go in winter? Almost all are dead long ago, we tell them, and January seems to affirm our words completely. Yet it is certain that insects will throng about us next summer, amusing and annoying us, as is their wont. How is this? The soil beneath the snow, the mud and water under the ice, the crumbling shreds of rotten logs, could tell us. There lie the young of the insects, placed in a safe-deposit by careful parents, themselves about to die, and often with a store of food ready for them when they awake in the spring.

Nothing in the realm of nature is more astonishing than the instincts concerned in this act. Some of these young are merely eggs, as those of the grasshoppers and crickets, thrust deeply into the soil before it froze; but you may find insect eggs now in all sorts of places—even within the bodies of the dormant larvæ of other insects, destined to be eaten when they hatch. More are half-formed young. Beetle grubs inhabit holes in the soil below the frost-line, whither also the earth-worms have sunk out of harm's way, or are curled up within chambers gnawed in logs and tree-trunks. The tiger-beetle's young tenants the pitfall where its parents lay in wait for prey; and in the warm silken nest of the trap-door spider a large family of spiderlings are clinging to their mother.

Among these wintering eggs and grubs little change takes place, but for the higher insects the cold season gives a chance for the slow and gentle development of the chrysalis into the perfect adult. Many moths and butterflies undergo this metamorphosis within clayey cases underground, or at least beneath the carpet of leaves and snow; but others lie in warm cocoons fastened to bark, or in crevices of rock, or swinging like cradles from the leafless twigs. Everywhere birds and shrews and field-mice find insect food, even in January.

Life, too, is going happily on within every pond and quiet stream, roofed over with its glassy canopy like a natural hot-house. Peer down through the clear ice, and you will see that the plants are green, though small, and fishes are gliding about, but the rings on their scales show that they grow very little now; there is enough to eat, but the appetite is weak. The land-snails spin storm doors athwart the opening of the shell, and, creeping into some secure crevice, become dormant; but the pond-snails move about as usual, yet build no new shell. The small aquatic creatures still creep lazily over the fermenting mud or ensconce themselves in its depths. The water-spider is wrapped in a glistening bubble of the air he took down with him.

All these small people of nature's underworld are at ease. There is no call now for activity, little need for hunting or fleeing. Hunger is stilled, no energy need be expended in producing eggs, or in the distress of molting; and so, like the plants, the animals lie still, recuperate from the waste of one summer and gather strength for the next.

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Life Stories of the Other Half

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives"

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

The Wars of the Rileys

IT was the night before Washington's Birthday that Mr. Riley broke loose. They will speak of it long in the Windy City as "the night of the big storm," and with good right—it was "that suddint and fierce," just like Mr. Riley himself in his berserker moods. Mr. Riley was one of the enlivening problems of "the Bureau" in the region back of the stock-yards that kept it from being dulled by the routine of looking after the poor. He was more: he rose to the dignity of a "cause" at uncertain intervals when the cost of living, underpay and overtime, sickness and death, overpopulation, and all the other well-worn props of poverty retired to the wings and left the stage to Mr. Riley rampant, sufficient for the time and as informing as a whole course at the School of Philanthropy. In between, Mr. Riley was a capable meat-cutter earning good wages, who wouldn't have done a neighbor out of a cent that was his due, a robust citizen with more than his share of good looks, a devoted husband and a doting father, inseparable when at home from little Mike, whose baby trick of squaring off and offering to "bust his father's face" was the pride of the block.

"Will yez look at de kid? Ain't he a foine one?" shouted Mr. Riley, with peals of laughter; and the men smoking their pipes at the fence set the youngster on with admiring taunts. Mike was just turned three. His great stunt, when his father was not at hand, was to fall off everything in sight. Daily alarms brought from the relief party of hurrying mothers the unvarying cry, "Who's got hurted? Is it Mike?" But only Mike's feelings were hurt. Doleful howls, as he hove in sight, convoyed and comforted by Kate, aged seven, gave abundant proof that in wind and limb he was all that could be desired.

This was Mr. Riley in his hours of ease and domesticity. Mr. Riley rampant was a very different person. His arrival was invariably heralded by the smashing of the top of the kitchen stove, followed by the summary ejection of the once beloved family, helter-skelter, from the tenement. Three times the Bureau had been at the expense of having the stove top mended to keep the little Rileys from starving and freezing at once, and it was looking forward with concern to the meat-cutter's next encounter with his grievance. For there was a psychological reason for the manner of his outbreaks. The Rileys had once had a boarder, when Kate was a baby. He happened to be Mrs. Riley's brother, and he left, presuming on the kinship, without paying his board. As long as the meat-cutter was sober he remembered only the pleasant comradeship with his brother-in-law, and extended the hospitality of a neighborly fireside to his wife's relations. But no sooner had he taken a drink or two than the old grievance loomed large, and grew, as he went on, into a capital injury, to be avenged upon all and everything that in any way recalled the monstrous wrong of his life. That the cooking-stove should come first was natural, from his point of view. Upon it had been prepared the felonious meals, by it he had smoked the pipe of peace with the false friend. The crash in the kitchen had become the unvarying signal for the hasty exit of the rest of the family and the organizing of Kate into a scouting party

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"SHE TURNED A PROUDLY HOPEFUL LOOK UPON HER HUSBAND"

to keep Mrs. Riley and the Bureau informed about the progress of events in the house where the meat-cutter raged alone.

Mrs. Riley was a loyal, if not always a patient, woman—who can blame her?—and accepted the situation as part of the marital compact, clearly comprehended, perhaps foreshadowed, in her vow to cling to her husband "for better for worse," and therefore not to be questioned. In times of peace she remembered not the days of storm and stress. Once indeed, when her best gingham had been sacrificed to the furies of war, she had considered whether the indefinite multiplication of the tribe of Riley were in the long run desirable, and had put it to the young woman from the Bureau, who was superintending the repair of the stove top, this way: "I am thinking, Miss Kane, if I will live with Mr. Riley any longer; would you?"—to the blushing confusion of that representative of the social order. However, that crisis passed. Mr. Riley took the pledge for the fourth or fifth time, and the next day appeared at the office, volunteering to assign himself and his earnings to the Bureau for the benefit of his wife and his creditors, reserving only enough for luncheons and tobacco, but nothing for drinks. The Bureau took an hour off to recover from the shock. If it had misgivings, it refused to listen to them. The world had turned a corner in the city by the lake and was on the home-stretch: Mr. Riley had reformed.

And, in truth, so it seemed. For once he was as good as his word. Christmas passed, and the manifold temptations of New Year, with Mike and his father still chums. Kate was improving the chance to profit by the school-learning so fatally interrupted in other days. Seventeen weeks went by with Mr. Riley's wages paid in at the Bureau every

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Saturday; the grocer smiled a fat welcome to the Riley children, the clock man and the spring man and the other installment collectors had ceased to be importunate. Mrs. Riley was having blissful visions of a new spring hat. Life back of the stock-yards was in a way of becoming ordinary and slow, when the fatal twenty-second of February hove in sight.

The night before, Mr. Riley, quitting work, met a friend at the gate, who, pitying his penniless state, informed him that "there was the price of a drink at the corner" for him, meaning at Quinlan's saloon. Now this was prodding the meat-cutter in a tender spot. He hated waste as much as his employers, who proverbially exploited all of the pig but the squeal. He didn't want the drink, but to have it waiting there with no one to come for it was wicked waste. It was his clear duty to save it, and he did. Among those drinking at the bar were some of his fellow-workmen, who stood treat. That called for a return, and Riley's credit was good. It was late before the party broke up; it was 3 A.M. when the meat-cutter burst into the tenement, roaring drunk, clamoring for the lives of brothers-in-law in general and that of his own in particular, and smashed the stove lids with crash after crash that aroused the slumbering household with a jerk.

For once it was caught napping. The long peace had bred a fatal sense of security. Kate was off scouting duty and Mrs. Riley had her hands full with Pat, Bridget, and the baby all having measles at once—too full to take warning from her husband's suspicious absence at bedtime. Roused in the middle of the night to the defense of her brood, she fought gallantly, but without hope. The battle was bloody and brief. Beaten and bruised, she gathered up her young and fled into the blinding storm to the house of a pitying neighbor, who took them in, measles and all, to snuggle up with his own while he mounted guard on the doorstep against any pursuing enemy. But the meat-cutter merely slammed the door upon his evicted family. He spent the rest of the night smashing the reminders of his brother-in-law's hated kin. Kate, reconnoitering at daybreak, brought back word that he was raging around the house with three other drunken men. The opening of the Bureau found her encamped on the doorstep with a demand that help come quickly—the worst had happened. "Has little Mike broken his neck?" they asked in breathless chorus. "Worse nor that," she panted; "do be comin', Miss Kane!"

"Oh, what is it? Are any of the children dead?"

"Worse nor that; Mr. Riley has broke loose!" Kate always spoke of her father in his tantrums as Mister, as if he were a doubtful acquaintance. Her story of the night's doings was so lurid that the intimacy of many a *post-bellum* remorse felt unequal to the strain, and Miss Kane commandeered a policeman on the way to the house. The meat-cutter received her with elaborate inebriate courtesy, loftily ignoring the officer.

"Who is he?" he asked, aside.

She tried evasion. "A friend of mine I met." She was sorry immediately.

"Is he that? Then he is no friend of mine. Oh, Miss Kane," he grieved, "why did you go for to get him? You know I'd have protected you!" This with an indignant scowl at his fellow-marauders, who were furtively edging toward the door. An inquest of the house showed the devastation of war. The kitchen was a wreck; the bedroom furniture smashed; the Morris chair in which the family of young Rileys had reveled in the measles lay in splinters. "It was so hot here last night," suggested the meat-cutter, gravely, "it must have fell to pieces." In the course of the inspection Mrs. Riley appeared, keeping close to the policeman, wrathful and fearful at once, with a wondrous black eye. Her husband regarded it with expert interest and ventured the reflection that it was a shame, and she the fine-looking woman that she was! At that Mrs. Riley edged away toward her husband and eyed the bluecoat with hostile looks.

Between crying and laughing, "the Bureau lady" dismissed the policeman and officiated at the reunion of the family on condition that the meat-cutter appear at the office and get the dressing down which he so richly deserved, which he did. But his dignity had been offended by the brass buttons, and he insisted upon its being administered by one of his own sex.

"I like her," he explained, indicating Miss Kane with reproving forefinger, "but she's gone back on me." Another grievance had been added to that of the unpaid board.

The peace that was made lasted just ten days, when Mr. Riley broke loose once more, and this time he was brought into court. The whole Bureau went along to tell the story of

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the compact and the manner of its breaking. Mr. Riley listened attentively to the recital of the black record.

"What have you to say to this?" scowled the Judge. The prisoner nodded.

"It is all true what the lady says, your Honor; she put it fair."

"I have a good mind to send you to Bridewell to break stone."

"Don't do that, Judge, and lose me job. I want to be wid me family." Mrs. Riley looked imploringly at the bench. His Honor's glance took in her face with the family group.

"Looks like it," he mused; but in the end he agreed to hand him over to the Bureau for one more trial, first administering the pledge in open court. Mr. Riley took the oath with great solemnity and entire good faith, kissed the Bible with a smack, reached up a large red fist for the Judge to shake, and the clerk. Then he pledged lasting friendship to the whole Bureau, including Miss Kane, whom he generously forgave the wrong she had done him, presented little Mike to the Court as "de foinest kid in de ward," took the gurgling baby from Mrs. Riley and gallantly gave her his arm. Leaning fondly upon it, a little lame and sore yet from the fight and with one eye in deep mourning, she turned a proudly hopeful look upon her husband, like a rainbow spanning a black departing cloud. And thus, with fleet-footed Kate in the van proclaiming the peace, and three prattling children clinging to their hands and clothes, they passed out into life to begin it anew. And bench and Bureau, with sudden emotion, hopelessly irrational and altogether hopeful and good, cheered them on their way.

The Answer of Ludlow Street

"YOU get the money, or out you go! I ain't in the business for me health," and the bang of the door and the angry clatter of the landlord's boots on the stairs, as he went down, bore witness that he meant what he said.

Judah Kapelowitz and his wife sat and looked silently at the little dark room when the last note of his voice had died away in the hall. They knew it well enough—it was their last day of grace. They were two months behind with the rent, and where it was to come from neither of them knew. Six years of struggling in the Promised Land, and this was what it had brought them.

A hungry little cry roused the woman from her apathy. She went over and took the baby and put it mechanically to her poor breast. Holding it so, she sat by the window and looked out upon the gray November day. Her husband had not stirred. Each avoided the question in the other's eyes, for neither had an answer.

They were young people as men reckon age in happy days, Judah scarce past thirty; but it is not always the years that count in Ludlow Street. Behind that and the tenement stretched the endless days of suffering in their Galician home, where the Jew was hated and despised as the one thrifty trader of the country, tortured alike by drunken peasant and cruel noble when they were not plotting murder against one another. With all their little savings they had paid Judah's passage to the land where men were free to labor, free to worship as their fathers did—a twice-blessed country, surely—and he had gone, leaving Sarah, his wife, and their child to wait for word that Judah was rich and expected them.

The wealth he found in Ludlow Street was all piled on his push-cart, and his persecutors would have scorned it. A handful of carrots, a few cabbages and beets, is not much to plan transatlantic voyages on; but what with Sarah's eager letters and Judah's starving himself daily to save every penny, he managed in two long years to scrape together the money for the steamship ticket that set all the tongues wagging in his home village when it came: Judah Kapelowitz had made his fortune in the far land, it was plain to be seen. Sarah and the boy, now grown big enough to speak his father's name with an altogether cunning little catch, bade a joyous good-by to their friends and set their faces hopefully toward the West. Once they were together, all their troubles would be at an end.

In the poor tenement the peddler lay awake till far into the night, hearkening to the noises of the street. He had gone hungry to bed, and he was too tired to sleep. Over and over he counted the many miles of stormy ocean

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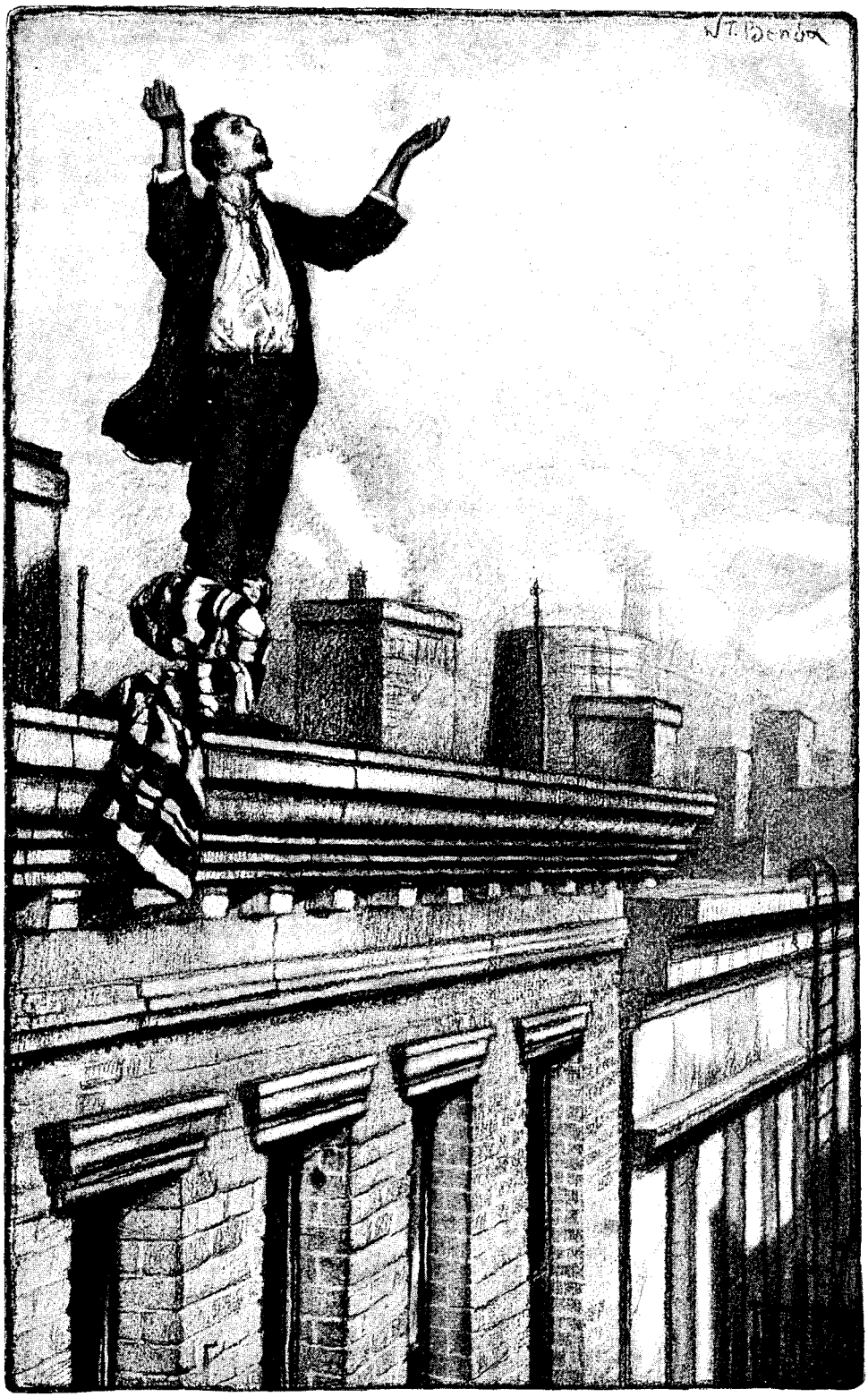

"HE TIED HIS FEET TOGETHER WITH THE PRAYER SHAWL, AND LOOKED ONCE UPON THE RISING SUN"

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and the days to their coming, Sarah and the little Judah. Once they were together, he would work, work, work—and should they not make a living in the great, wealthy city?

With the dawn lighting up the eastern sky he slept the sleep of exhaustion, his question unanswered.

That was six years ago—six hard, weary years. They had worked together, he at his push-cart, Sarah for the sweater, earning a few cents finishing "pants" when she could. Little Judah did his share, pulling thread, until his sister came and he had to mind her. Together they had kept a roof overhead, and less and less to eat, till Judah had to give up his cart. Between the fierce competition and the police blackmail it would no longer keep body and soul together for its owner. A painter in the next house was in need of a hand, and Judah apprenticed himself to him for a dollar a day. If he could hold out a year or two, he might earn journeyman's wages and have steady work. The boss saw that he had an eye for the business. But, though Judah's eye was good, he lacked the "strong stomach" which is even more important to a painter. He had starved so long that the smell of the paint made him sick and he could not work fast enough. So the boss discharged him. "The sheeny was no good," was all the character he gave him.

It was then the twins came. There was not a penny in the house, and the rent money was long in arrears. Judah went out and asked for work. He sought no alms; he begged merely for a chance to earn a living at any price, any wages. Nobody wanted him, as was right and proper, no doubt. To underbid the living wage is even a worse sin against society than to "debase its standard of living," we are told by those who should know. Judah Kapelowitz was only an ignorant Jew, pleading for work that he might earn bread for his starving babies. He knew nothing of standards, but he would have sold his soul for a loaf of bread that day. He found no one to pay the price, and he came home hungry as he had gone out. In the afternoon the landlord called for the rent.

Another tiny wail came from the old baby-carriage in which the twins slept, and the mother turned her head from the twilight street where the lights were beginning to come out. Judah rose heavily from his seat.

"I go get money," he said, slowly. "I work for Mr. Springer two days. He will give me money." And he went out.

Mr. Springer was the boss painter. He did not give Judah his wages. He had not earned them, he said, and showed him the door. The man pleaded hotly, despairingly. They were hungry, the little kids and his wife. Only fifty cents of the two dollars—fifty cents! The painter put him out, and when he would not go, kicked him.

"Look out for that Jew, John," he said, putting up the shutters. "We shall have him setting off a bomb on us next. They turn Anarchist when they get desperate."

Mr. Springer was, it will be perceived, a man of discernment.

Judah Kapelowitz lay down beside his wife at night without a word of complaint. "To-morrow," he said, "I do it."

He arose early and washed himself with care. He bound the praying-band upon his forehead, and upon his wrist the tefillin with the Holy Name; then he covered his head with the tallith and prayed to the God of his fathers who brought them out of bondage, and blessed his house and his children, little Judah and Miriam his sister, and the twins in the cradle. As he kissed his wife good-by, he said that he had found work and wages, and would bring back money. She saw him go down in his working clothes; she did not know that he had hidden the tallith under his apron.

He did not leave the house, but, when the door was closed, went up to the roof. Standing upon the edge of it, he tied his feet together with the prayer shawl, looked once upon the rising sun, and threw himself into the street, seventy feet below.

"It is Judah Kapelowitz, the painter," said the awed neighbors, who ran up and looked in his dead face. The police came and took him to the station-house, for Judah, who living had kept the law of God and man, had broken both in his dying. They laid the body on the floor in front of the prison cells and covered it with the tallith as with a shroud. Sarah, his wife, sat by, white and tearless, with the twins at her breast. Little Miriam hid her head in her lap, frightened at the silence about them. At the tenement around the corner men were carrying her poor belongings out and stacking them in the street. They were homeless and fatherless.

Ludlow Street had given its answer.

The next installment of these "Life Stories" will appear in The Outlook for January 25, 1913

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Peace of Ghent 1814

Minerva represents the wisdom of the United States, Mercury their commerce & Hercules their force; Minerva dictates the conditions of peace, which Mercury presents to Britannia and Hercules forces her to accept on the shield of Minerva are the names of those who signed the Treaty, on the Obelisk those of the braves &

UNDER
THE PRESIDENCE
OF MADISSON
MONROE SECRETARY
OF STATE

and Triumph of America

on the other side, America passes in Triumph through the Arch, in her way to the temple of peace. She is attended by Victory and followed by a numerous train, several Trophies are seen and in the back ground are the ruins of the Capitol.

Published by T. Price Jr. Philada.

THE PEACE OF GHENT

A rare engraving published [illegible]

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One Hundred Years of Peace[1]

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

PART ONE

THE last war between Great Britain and the United States began in June, 1812. There has been no war between the two countries since the Treaty of Ghent was signed on Christmas Eve in 1814. Strictly speaking, the absence of war constitutes peace, and therefore we may describe these hundred years just passed as a century of peace between the United States and Great Britain. But in the larger and better sense of the word it must be confessed that the relations between the two countries during that period have been at times anything but peaceful, and often far from friendly. Indeed, there have been some perilous moments when war has seemed very imminent. To describe this period, therefore, as one of unbroken good will merely because there was no actual fighting would be wholly misleading. If a review, however brief, of the relations between Great Britain and the United States since 1812 is to possess any value, it can only be through showing how, by slow steps, with many interruptions and much bitterness on both sides, we have nevertheless finally attained to the genuine friendship in which all sensible men of both countries rejoice to-day. This fortunate condition has been reached only after many years of storm and stress, which it seems to posterity, always blessed with that unerring wisdom which comes after the event, might have been easily avoided.

To understand the present situation aright, to comprehend the meaning and effects of the War of 1812 and of the ninety-eight years of peace which have followed its conclusion, it is necessary to begin with the separation of the two countries, by the peace of 1782, when the connection between England and the United States ceased to be that of mother country and colonies and became the more distant relation which exists between two independent nations. Just now there appears to be a tendency among Englishmen to regard that separation of the eighteenth century as a small matter, especially so far as their own country is concerned, a view which, however comfortable, is hardly sustained by history; and we may well pause a moment at the outset to consider just what the war resulting in the treaties of Paris meant, for on that decisive event rests ultimately all that has since come to pass.

As an illustration of the attitude of mind to which I have referred, let me take the recent case of a well-known writer and very popular novelist. Some years ago Mr. H. G. Wells came to this country, and on his return to England, like many of his countrymen, he wrote a book about the United States. Unlike many of his countrymen, however, he wrote a very pleasant and friendly book, enlivened by some characteristic remarks in favor of Socialism and of converting the Niagara Falls into horse-power. He made, however, one comment which struck me at the time, and which, I think, has been made since by others of his countrymen. This comment was in connection

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with his visit to Boston, as I remember, and criticised us good-naturedly for the extreme care with which we marked all spots connected with the Revolution, and for the apparent importance which we attached to that event. Mr. Wells, unlike Sir George Trevelyan, the most brilliant of living English historians, seemed to think that this American feeling about the Revolution which resulted in the independence of the United States was provincial, if not parochial. In view of the sound system of British education, which has a great deal to say about English victories great and small, and is curiously reticent as to English defeats, it is perhaps not surprising that the importance attached to the incidents of the American Revolution in this country should surprise the average traveler from Great Britain. But, putting aside the partiality which Americans feel toward the Revolution, owing to the fact that they were victorious, and the lack of interest with which the British regard it, because they were defeated, it is perhaps not amiss to point out that the war for American independence really was an event of high importance, and was so considered then, as it has been ever since, by dispassionate persons.

The revolt of the American Colonies in 1776 agitated the world of that day far beyond the parish limits of the United States. That Revolution divided parties and overthrew Ministries in England. It involved France and Spain in war with Great Britain, and created the armed neutrality of the northern Powers, events which are rarely caused by trifling or provincial struggles. But the American Revolution was something much more even than this. It broke the British Empire for the first, and, so far, for the only time. It took from England her greatest and most valuable possession. With the American Colonies she lost a population equal to about a fifth of the inhabitants of Great Britain at that period, as well as the ownership of the best part of a great continent. The independence of the Colonies was the foundation of the United States, and, whether one approves of the United States or not, there can be no question, I think, that they constitute to-day a large and important fact in the existing world. It was an Englishman, I believe, who said that, after all, England's most considerable achievement was the United States. Finally, and this is something which I feel it would hardly be possible to describe as parochial, modern democracy began with the American Revolution. When Emerson, with the insight of the poet, declared that the shot which the embattled farmers fired at Concord Bridge was heard "round the world," he told the exact truth. At that bridge, in that little New England village, the first drum-beat of democracy broke upon the troubled air, and there the march began. That same drum-beat was heard a little later in France, when several things happened which Mr. Wells would not, probably, regard as provincial, and which caused some stir at the time. Looking over the world to-day, it may be fairly said that no greater event could be commemorated than the first uprising of democracy which swept over the Governments of the nineteenth century, and which is still pressing onward, crossing even now into the confines of Asia.

Yet, very characteristically, this American Revolution, which Mr. Wells smiles at gently as a little provincial incident, but which seems not to have been without its effect on the history of civilized man, turned on a question of law. That two great branches of the same people, speaking the same language, holding the same beliefs, and cherishing the same institutions, should go to war about a question of legal right in the imposition of taxes is indeed very typical of the race and breed. It is also one reason why the War of the Revolution, as a whole, was sullied by few acts of cruelty or ferocity, for, as Macaulay pointed out long ago, the character of a civil war is very largely determined by the amount of oppression which one side has suffered at the hands of the other. The government of the English colonies in America had been, on the whole, easy and liberal. Sir Robert Walpole, with his wise indifference which allowed the dust to gather upon American despatches, and the elder Pitt, who had the faculty of arousing the enthusiasm of the colonists by appealing to their patriotic impulses and by treating them as friends and equals, had made the bonds between the mother country and her children very strong. But a very dull and narrow-minded King, served by Ministers of slight capacity or of judiciously pliant natures, soon undid the work of the two great Ministers and forced on the war which had in it at that moment nothing of the inevitable. The Revolution thus generated was fought out through seven long years, and the Colonies won. There was, of course, bitterness of feeling on both sides, but none which could not have been quickly and easily overcome

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if right methods had been pursued. The Americans, it is true, did not carry out the treaty properly in regard to the Loyalists, and the British, on their side, failed to observe it in regard to the relinquishment of the Western posts which were an absolute threat not only to the expansion but to the very existence of the United States. One of the greatest achievements of Washington's Administration was the Jay Treaty, and to make this settlement with England he sacrificed the French alliance, but he removed forever the Western menace and cleared the frontier of the United States from a danger which in time of war might have proved fatal. The French Revolution, which destroyed the American alliance, divided public opinion in the United States, as it did in England, and the immediate result was virtual, although not declared, war with France, a situation that gave England an opportunity to bind her former colonies closely to her, which unfortunately did not seem to English statesmen a thing worth doing. Then came the great struggle with Napoleon, and again England might easily have made her former colonies her close friends and allies. This policy, indeed, was so obvious that it is hard to understand why even English Ministers failed to adopt it. Jefferson, with all his eulogy of France and denunciation of England for political purposes, was more than ready to unite with England against Napoleon if she would only have allowed him to do so, but after the death of the younger Pitt and the dissolution of the Ministry of "All the Talents," the English Government fell once more into the hands of some very inferior men. Ministers of the caliber of Perceval, Castlereagh, and Lord Liverpool, united with extreme Tories like Lord Eldon, whose ability was crippled by their blind prejudices, were utterly unable to see the value of friendship with the United States, and preferred to treat their former colonists with a comfortable contempt. The one very clever man not in opposition in those days was Canning, and he did more than any one else, perhaps, by his unfortunate attitude, to drive the United States away from England. It was he who said that the navy of the United States consisted of "a few fir frigates with a bit of bunting at the top." For the sake of this not very humorous alliteration he paid rather heavily in the loss of a good many English frigates at a later day.

It is not pleasant to Americans to recall the years which preceded our second war with England. There was no indignity, no humiliation, no outrage, that England on the one side and Napoleon on the other did not inflict upon the United States. Our Government submitted and yielded and made sacrifices which it is now difficult to contemplate with calmness, until at last a party arose composed of young men who were profoundly convinced that anything was better than such conditions, and that if we were to have a national existence worthy of the name we must fight. They did not care very much with whom we fought, but they were determined to fight some one in order to vindicate the right of the United States to live as a nation without dishonor. The unscrupulous dexterity of Napoleon and the marvelous stupidity of England resulted in our fighting England instead of France, and thus we came to the War of 1812.

We had no army and a very small navy. The political group which had forced war upon us, although right in their reasons for going to war, were utterly wrong in the ignorant boasts with which they proclaimed our readiness for battle. Wholly unprepared, we suffered many defeats on the Canadian frontier, which were redeemed only by the two battles of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa. On the seas and lakes we had almost unbroken victory, and finally, at New Orleans, after peace had really been made but before it was known, Jackson defeated the veterans of Wellington's Peninsula campaigns with a thoroughness and a severity which were so marked that the battle is hardly alluded to in British histories, and must therefore be relegated to the provincial class of historical events. So the war came to an end before it had lasted three years, and when the Treaty of Ghent was signed that instrument did not contain the settlement of a single one of the questions which had made the war unavoidable and for which the United States had fought. Yet, none the less, the war had settled all those questions. Never again did England attempt to stop an American man-of-war or an American merchantman and take seamen, whom she claimed as deserters, from their decks. Never again did she attempt to interfere with American commerce. Whatever losses the United States might have suffered in the war, however much her pride might have been wounded by the destruction of the Capitol at Washington, the real victory was with the Americans. They

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had fought, and they had gained what they fought for. They sacrificed nothing—not an inch of territory—by so doing. The only losses suffered by the United States were in men and money, and by those losses we had put an end forever to the humiliating treatment which had been meted out to us during the first decade of the century. As the years passed by all this became apparent, and it is now perfectly plain that the War of 1812 achieved the result for which it was fought, by establishing the position of the United States as an independent nation and restoring the national self-respect. Although the Treaty of Ghent did not show it, we have but to look behind the curtain which the hand of time has drawn aside in order to learn that the men of that day in England recognized what had happened, although they might not admit it to themselves, much less to the public. They confessed the truth in many ways, none the less clearly because the confession was indirect.

Take, for example, this letter from Mr. James, the naval historian, to Mr. Canning:

MR. W. JAMES TO MR. CANNING

"Perry Vale, near Sydenham, Kent: Jany. 9, 1827

"The menacing tone of the American President's message is now the prevailing topic of conversation, more especially among the mercantile men in whose company I daily travel to and from town. One says 'We had better cede a point or two rather than go to War with the United States.' 'Yes,' says another, 'for we shall get nothing but hard knocks there.' 'True,' adds a third, 'and what is worse than all, our seamen are half afraid to meet the Americans at sea.' Unfortunately this depression of feeling, this cowed spirit, prevails very generally over the community, even among persons well informed on other subjects, and who, were a British seaman to be named with a Frenchman or Spaniard, would scoff at the comparison."[1]

The words of Mr. James show the effect upon the public mind in England of the American naval victories, which so profoundly interested Napoleon. They penetrated so deeply that they actually reached the intelligence of the Liverpools and the Castlereaghs. Even they felt the meaning to England's prestige as a naval power of losing eleven out of thirteen single-ship actions and two flotilla engagements on the Great Lakes. Their alarm can be measured by the honors they conferred on Captain Broke, who commanded the Shannon when she defeated the Chesapeake—higher honors than Nelson received for his brilliant service in the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Nor was this all. Despite their contempt for the Americans and their loud assertions of satisfaction with their successes, as the war drew to its close the Ministers became so frightened that they proposed to send Wellington to America to command their armies on the very scene of the victories which they so loudly proclaimed. The Duke's letters in regard to this proposal are most instructive, and reveal the real results of the war, for Wellington was never the victim of illusions. He had the great faculty of looking facts in the face.

On the 9th of November, 1814, he wrote from Paris to Lord Liverpool as follows:

"I have already told you and Lord Bathurst that I feel no objection to going to America, though I don't promise to myself much success there. I believe there are troops enough there for the defense of Canada forever, and even for the accomplishment of any reasonable offensive plan that could be formed from the Canadian frontier. I am quite sure that all the American armies of which I have ever read would not beat out of a field of battle the troops that went from Bordeaux last summer, if common precautions and care were taken of them.

"That which appears to me to be wanting in America is not a General, or General officers and troops, but a naval superiority on the Lakes. Till that superiority is acquired, it is impossible, according to my notion, to maintain an army in such a situation as to keep the enemy out of the whole frontier, much less to make any conquest from the enemy, which, with those superior means, might, with reasonable hopes of success, be undertaken. I may be wrong in this opinion, but I think the whole history of the war proves its truth; and I suspect that you will find that Prevost will justify his misfortunes, which, by the by, I am quite certain are not what the Americans represented them to be, by stating that the navy were defeated, and even if he had taken Fort Mason he must have retired. The question is, whether we can acquire this naval superiority on the

[1] "Canning Correspondence." Edited by E. J. Stapleton. Vol. II, p. 340.

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Lakes. If we can't, I shall do you but little good in America; and I shall go there only to prove the truth of Prevost's defence, and to sign a peace which might as well be signed now. There will always, however, remain this advantage, that the confidence which I have acquired will reconcile both the army and people in England to terms of which they would not now approve.

"In regard to your present negotiations, I confess that I think you have no right from the state of the war to demand any concession of territory from America. Considering everything, it is my opinion that the war has been a most successful one, and highly honorable to the British arms; but from particular circumstances, such as the want of the naval superiority on the Lakes, you have not been able to carry it into the enemy's territory, notwithstanding your military success, and now undoubted military superiority, and have not even cleared your own territory of the enemy on the point of attack. You cannot then, on any principle of equality in negotiation, claim a cession of territory excepting in exchange for other advantages which you have in your power.

"I put out of the question the possession taken by Sir John Sherbrooke between the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Bay. It is evidently only temporary, and till a larger force will drive away the few companies he has left there; and an officer might as well claim the sovereignty of the ground on which his piquets stand, or over which his patrols pass.

"Then if this reasoning be true, why stipulate for the *uti possidetis?* You can get no territory; indeed the state of your military operations, however creditable, does not entitle you to demand any; and you only afford the Americans a popular and creditable ground which, I believe, their Government are looking for, not to break off the negotiations, but to avoid to make peace. If you had territory, as I hope you soon will have New Orleans, I should prefer to insist upon the cession of that province as a separate article than upon the *uti possidetis* as a principle of negotiation."

And again, on November 18, 1814, he wrote to the Earl of Liverpool:

"I have already told you that I have no objection to going to America, and I will go whenever I may be ordered. But does it not occur to your Lordship that, by appointing me to go to America at this moment, you give ground for belief all over Europe that your affairs there are in a much worse situation than they really are? And will not my nomination at this moment be a triumph to the Americans and their friends here and elsewhere? It will give satisfaction, and that only momentary, in England; and it may have the effect of raising hopes and expectations there which, we know, cannot be realized."

Despite the "military successes," Wellington did not think that England could make any demand for territory or compensation, which shows that the "successes" had been as barren as they were trivial. The invincible troops from Bordeaux were badly beaten by Jackson, and Pakenham, one of Wellington's favorite generals, was killed, so that he did not capture New Orleans, as the Duke expected.

The result was a treaty of peace that on its face only brought peace, which the Duke evidently thought was all England could expect. There need not have been any war between England and the United States in 1812 if England had only seen fit to make the United States a friend instead of a foe. But England did not so will, and the war taught her that the United States could no longer be bullied and outraged with impunity. Thus the War of 1812 brought, after all, a peace worth having, and laid the foundations for that larger peace which has lasted for a hundred years. During that time, through many vicissitudes, the relations of the two countries have so improved that we are now warranted in believing, what all reflecting men earnestly hope, that another war between England and the United States has become an impossibility.

These larger results of the war, so plainly to be seen now, were not of course immediately apparent. The old attitude was still too fixed, the old habits still too strong, to be abandoned in a moment. We made a brief treaty of commerce and navigation with England in June, 1815, six months after the conclusion of the Treaty of Ghent, but this treaty disposed of none of the outstanding questions as to which the Treaty of Ghent had been silent, and some of these thus passed over were of a nature which imperatively required settlement. A British officer, unconscious apparently that a war had been fought, undertook to search some of our vessels upon the Great Lakes, a little eccentricity which was not repeated. Despite

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the agreement of the Ghent Treaty, England held on to Astoria and the posts in the extreme Northwest, and, what was still worse, she also attempted to take the ground that our fishing rights, determined by the Treaty of 1783, had been extinguished by the war. Acting on this opinion, British cruisers seized American fishing vessels, and the condition of affairs on the coasts of Nova Scotia, Canada, and Newfoundland became serious in the extreme. Mr. Adams, then Minister of the United States in London, brought these questions to the attention of Lord Castlereagh, urging upon him the necessity of further treaties to settle these disputes, to extend the commercial convention of 1815, and to make some agreement in regard to the slaves who had been carried off after the conclusion of the war, as well as with reference to the disputed northwestern boundary. His discussions with Lord Castlereagh, which are detailed at length in his diary, were fruitless, and the British Cabinet declined at that time to enter upon further negotiations. It may be inferred that they did not think it worth while to take any steps toward improving their relations with the American people. Soon after these conferences with Lord Castlereagh Mr. Adams returned to the United States in order to take his place in President Monroe's Cabinet on the 4th of March, 1817, and Mr. Rush succeeded him as Minister at London. Once more an effort to come to a further agreement on some, at least, of the outstanding questions was made, and Mr. Rush was instructed that, if England would assent, Mr. Gallatin, who was our Minister at Paris, would be joined with him in the negotiations. Then it was that the effects of the war began to be really apparent. The exasperation caused by the seizure of our fishing vessels and by the refusal to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent on the northwest coast made it evident that if something was not done the two countries would again be involved in hostilities. This danger, which would have made no impression upon the minds of the British Ministers ten years earlier, was now effective, and England's action showed that she was no longer ready to go to extremes. The Ministry changed its attitude and assented to a new negotiation. The result was the Treaty of 1818, by which England admitted in principle the American contention that the fishing rights conceded in 1783 were final in their nature and could not be abrogated by war. Mr. Rush and Mr. Gallatin, moreover, succeeded in obtaining larger concessions in this respect than their instructions called for, and the American fishing rights within the three-mile limit, and also the right to dry and cure on the coast, were recognized as to certain portions of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Canada. The treaty also disposed of the boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, and from there westward to the ocean the country was left open to the occupation of the subjects and citizens of both Powers for a term of ten years. The commercial convention was extended, and provision was made for the settlement of American claims on account of the slaves who had been carried away by referring the whole matter to the decision of some friendly sovereign. Nothing was said about the subject of seamen's rights, which had been so largely the cause of the war. The Treaty of 1818 was as silent on this topic as the Treaty of Ghent, but this question had in reality been settled by the war itself, for England, having found that the theme was one upon which the United States was ready to fight, quietly allowed her claims in this direction to die away.

Four years after the Treaty of 1818, and in accordance with the fifth article, the question of compensation for slaves or other property carried away after the war was referred to the Emperor of Russia as arbitrator, and the Emperor's award decided that the United States was entitled to just indemnification for all such private property taken by the British forces, and more especially for all such slaves as were carried away from the places and territories for the restitution of which the treaty stipulated. The adoption of the Treaty of 1818 was also the signal for the restoration to the United States of Astoria and the other points on the coast of the extreme northwest. In this way the Treaty of 1818, and the award of the Emperor of Russia which grew out of it, brought the relations of the two countries into a better condition than they had enjoyed since the close of the American Revolution; and these treaties may be said to have constituted the first step toward the improvement of those relations which were destined to grow better, although with many checks and hindrances, for one hundred years to come.

The two countries were also drawn nearer together by holding the same attitude in regard to the revolting colonies of Spain in

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South America, and by their common dislike and distrust of the principles of the Holy Alliance. When Canning broke away from the somewhat musty Toryism which thought everything was to go on just as of old, and as if the French Revolution had never happened, he not only powerfully aided the South American republics, but he greatly strengthened the position of the United States. Canning did not at all approve of the extended form which his policy took on in the Monroe Doctrine, but his work could not be undone, and a common sympathy and a common policy in the South American struggle for freedom drew Great Britain and the United States closely together in the eyes of the world, and also, although to a less degree, in their own estimation.

After the award of the Emperor in regard to indemnity for the slaves carried off by the British forces in the War of 1812, there was, with the exception of the conventions of 1827, renewing and extending the Treaty of 1818 and providing for an arbitration of the disputed northeastern boundary, no international transaction involving serious differences, and no treaty between the two Governments of Great Britain and the United States, for twenty years. The marked effect which the War of 1812, as I have pointed out, had produced upon the attitude of England toward the United States was, however, very largely confined to the intercourse of the two Governments. That intercourse had become what in diplomatic parlance is termed "correct," and the old tone, so familiar in British despatches before the War of 1812, when the Ministry treated the United States as if it were a collection of African tribes, and therefore not entitled to the ordinary good manners of international relations, wholly disappeared. Officially we had forced our way into the family of nations, and had secured the customary courtesies which international intercourse demands. Yet this improvement, which was of the first importance, did not go very far toward altering the feeling which existed among the peoples of the two countries toward each other. Our intercourse with Great Britain after the Treaty of 1818 entered upon another phase quite outside the scope of governmental action, which in its result did more lasting harm to the cause of genuine friendship between the two countries than all the best efforts of diplomatists or public men on either side could remedy or undo. Prior to the War of 1812 many books and much writing in reviews and newspapers appeared in England which treated of the United States in the most unfavorable manner, and in a spirit which at times might fairly be called malignant. This systematic defamation was carried on so generally and so persistently that it gave rise to a fixed belief in the United States not only that it was part of a deliberate plan, but that some of the writers, like Moore, Ashe, and Parkinson, were actually in the pay of the British Government, and that they wrote for the purpose of inflaming English hostility toward everything American, and of preventing emigration to England's former colonies. During those early years of the century the people of the United States seem to have had the good sense to treat these criticisms with indifference; and when the controversy between the countries culminated in war, in the presence of real fighting attacks made in print fell unnoticed from the press. After the war, however, and after the settlement of the commercial relations of the two countries by the Treaty of 1818, the habit of depreciating and libeling the United States, either in books or in more ephemeral publications, entered upon a new phase. Any one who will take the trouble to examine what was written in England about the United States during the period from 1820 to 1850 will find it difficult to avoid the belief that the assaults upon the American people were systematic in their nature.

Those who are curious in such matters can find an admirable summary in Mr. McMaster's history, in which the English comments upon the United States from 1820 to 1840 are vividly described. It seems almost incredible that such things could have been said and written by one ostensibly friendly people about another people who spoke the same language and inherited the same political traditions. There were, without doubt, many things in the United States of that day which were open to just criticism. No successful defense, for example, could be entered before the tribunal of the civilized world in behalf of Negro slavery. But the English critics did not confine themselves to that which was deserving of criticism. Everything in the United States was to them anathema. The great reviews gave many pages to depicting what the United States was as they beheld and interpreted it. Robert Southey in the "Quarterly" and Sydney

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Smith in the "Edinburgh" were only two of the most distinguished among the many writers great and small who devoted themselves not merely to criticising but to slandering the United States. They were not ashamed to effect their purpose by telling the most absolute falsehoods, and the lengths to which they went seem now well-nigh incredible. The men of America were said to be "turbulent citizens, abandoned Christians, inconstant husbands, unnatural fathers, and treacherous friends." The men who had whipped English vessels in eleven single ship fights out of thirteen were accused of having run away shamefully when they could not fight to advantage. As they generally fought to advantage at sea, they had not often run away. "In the Southern parts of the Union," says another calm thinker and judicious critic, "the rights of our holy faith are almost never practiced; one-third of the people have no church at all. The religious principle is gaining ground in the northern parts of the Union. It is becoming fashionable among the better orders of society to go to church." It is interesting to consider this picture of church-going becoming fashionable among the descendants of the Puritans, but the writers had forgotten, probably, that New England was settled when it was a wilderness by people who went there, as Carlyle puts it, because they wanted to hear a sermon preached in their own way. "The supreme felicity of a true-born American is inaction of body and inanity of mind," is another description of the people of the United States, and the reproach of inactivity is one of the most comic ever addressed to Americans even at that time. Then, of course, the British critics had a great deal to say about our total lack of literature and the entire absence among us of any men of distinction.

Franklin, we were informed, had elicited some useful discoveries, but that was because he had lived in England for some time. It might be suggested that there were many other persons dwelling in England whose residence in that favored island had failed to make them capable of eliciting Franklin's useful discoveries. It was also predicted that he would not be remembered for fifty years. Prophecies of fame are always perilous, and it is to be feared that Franklin is a good deal better remembered to-day than Sydney Smith or Southey—the most considerable of our critics in those days—and more read, too, if we may judge from the fact that every civilized nation not long since sent eminent representatives to Philadelphia to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, a ceremony which seems to have been omitted in the case of Southey and Sydney Smith when a century had elapsed after their coming into the world. Robert Fulton, it was asserted, stole his invention from seeing the sailing ships which ran on the Clyde with steam power in 1787, although no mention is made elsewhere of the persons who performed that feat, which does not seem to have traveled beyond the Clyde, and which is just as veracious as the statement, also made at that time, that Fulton was born in Paisley in Scotland, when in reality he had the misfortune to be born in Pennsylvania.

These instances give a very faint impression of English criticism upon America at that time, although such stuff is hardly to be dignified by the name of criticism. It was in reality childish and rather ignorant abuse. But now, contrary to what had happened in the earlier years, the Americans, unfortunately, were roused into taking it up and making elaborate replies. They had not much difficulty in controverting the false statements and misrepresentations so freely made, but they did not stop there. They naturally availed themselves of the *tu quoque* argument, and it was not at all difficult in the history of England to find facts which, with appropriate twists and bendings, made the English people appear in a very unenviable light.

This warfare of books and magazine articles continued and was much emphasized and embittered when it was taken up on a large scale by popular writers like Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hall; but everything else sank into insignificance compared to the effect of one book, much more temperate than any of the others, but written by a great genius who saw fit later to sharpen what he had said in a book of travels by carrying his animosity into the realms of fiction. Charles Dickens came to the United States in 1841. He was received with an outburst of affectionate and admiring enthusiasm which has rarely been seen anywhere in the case of a man of letters. He went home and wrote a book about us called "American Notes," and then he immortalized certain types of American character in "Martin Chuzzlewit." He said a great deal that was very true and entirely deserved. The characters of the novel were unfortu-

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nately in many respects only too real, and, deeply angered as we were at the time, it may be safely said that Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick and Hannibal Chollop, General Choke and Mrs. Hominy, have an immortality more assured among the American people than anywhere else, for the anger has long since died away, while the truth of the satire and the comicality of these beings created by the magic touch of genius still remain. But at the time the resentment was intense. Whether what was said was just or unjust, true or untrue, there was a widespread feeling in the United States that, whoever else might find fault with and ridicule us, Charles Dickens, after the reception which had been given him, was debarred by every rule of loyalty and good manners from doing so. That this feeling was natural and that the rule was one which could be both accepted and observed was made visible to all men not long after the visit of Dickens.

A few years later another great English novelist came to the United States; came twice, in fact, and delivered lectures. No doubt, with his keen and penetrating observation, he perceived many things which lent themselves to criticism, to ridicule, and to satire, of which no living writer was more capable than he. He was by temperament very sensitive to just those shortcomings which are common and repellent in a crude and unformed society. He was urged in every way and tempted with the promise of great profits to write a book about America, but he declined. He had been cordially received in the United States; he had lived in our houses; he had accepted our hospitality; only kindness had been shown him. Others might write what they pleased about America, but he would not. Let me recall what he himself said in a "Roundabout" paper:

"Yonder drawing was made in a country where there was such hospitality, friendship, kindness, shown to the humble designer that his eyes do not care to look for faults or his pen to note them. . . . How hospitable they were, those Southern men! In the North itself the welcome was not kinder, as I, who had eaten Northern and Southern salt, can testify!"

How kind and generous it all is, and how pleasant it is now, to every one who loves the memory of the genius that created Becky Sharp and drew the character of Colonel Newcome, to know that he was, above all things, loyal and true. We had on our own side, too, a distinguished man of letters whose conception of his duty toward the two nations who read his books was to cherish friendship and kindliness and not to seek for faults and embitter feelings. Let me describe him in Thackeray's words, for they both thought alike in this great matter which involves nothing less than good will among men:

"Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and Gibbon of our time. . . . One was the first Ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did; to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, to preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness."

Unfortunately, the example of Irving and Thackeray had but few imitators. Everything which these two said and wrote or omitted to say and write was forgotten in the clash of men who took a precisely opposite course, to the great detriment of all concerned; and the bitterness was concentrated

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around the "American Notes" and their author, whom the American people had loved and honored and taken to their hearts. It was this feeling that the man whom they had admired and cheered and feasted had proved disloyal which made Dickens's criticism and ridicule rankle more than that of all others. But if we leave the personal equation aside, Dickens was only the culmination of the general commentary which England then made and apparently thought it well to make upon the United States. Both people spoke and read the same language. In those days they were still closely akin. We read English books, copied English fashions, and looked up to English standards in society and in literature, and therefore all that was said in England of the kind which has just been indicated went home and made Americans very angry and very sore. We were a new people, or rather we were the offspring of an old people settled in a new country, and we were young, very self-conscious, very sensitive, and we felt attacks which would be no more noticed to-day than the rattle of a dead autumn leaf fluttering before the wind. We replied to the criticisms in a savage and intemperate manner. Sometimes we wounded; generally we produced no effect. What we felt most was the injustice of painting everything black.

As I have already said, there was a great deal in America to be criticised. Dickens's wrath about copyright was wholly justifiable. Our own literary possessions were still meager, and so we stood like highwaymen along the roadside of literature and robbed the passers-by, the very men who "helped us to enjoy life or taught us to endure it." It was utterly indefensible and wholly dishonest. The default on the State bonds, especially upon those of Pennsylvania, which edged the blade of Sydney Smith, who was a personal loser, was not only indefensible, but most discreditable. To the great reproach of slavery there was, of course, no reply, no excuse to be made. But those dark spots were not the whole picture, and yet, by gross misrepresentation and even by actual falsehood, the effort was made to prove that everything was black. For instance, in "Martin Chuzzlewit" the impression is sedulously and strongly given that the entire United States west of the Alleghanies is one huge swamp breathing forth fever and ague. No doubt such spots existed then, and exist now, but as a description of so large a country as the United States it was not strictly accurate. Yet such was the prevailing tone. Everything was bad—land, people, institutions. The result naturally was that the just criticism had no effect and was merely lost in the cloud of invective and abuse. Many of the deficiencies were those which time alone could supply, but this was not stated, any more than it was admitted that there was also in America much that was good and not a little that was great. In the days when we were still colonies Edmund Burke and the elder Pitt pictured the people of America and what they had achieved in language to which Parliament listened then, and which the world has heeded ever since. In the first half of the nineteenth century the American people were engaged in the conquest of a continent; they were bringing a wilderness within the grasp of civilized man, and at the same time they were making a great experiment in government, and had established religious freedom and individual liberty on a scale never known before. Their political example had affected the entire Western world, and this was really the underlying reason for the attacks upon them, because their success alarmed the ruling classes of England and of Europe, which were likewise the vocal classes, in command of the press and the platform. None the less, these were things quite as worthy of note as our crude manners, our rough ways on the Western frontier, our lack of the luxuries of wealth, and of the many other lesser things in which we fell short of the European standards. But the good was never noticed and the bad was exaggerated beyond the bounds of truth. With the exception of what Dickens wrote, everything then said and written in regard to the United States and its people is quite forgotten, except by the historian, and is as dead to the world as the nun who has taken the black veil.

But looking back over that time, the period of the English commentators on America, one can see very plainly now the infinite mischief which was done. In point of taste and good feeling there is little to choose between the English attacks upon the United States and those of Americans upon England, although we had the great disadvantage of feeling much more keenly about it than our adversaries. Yet England herself was sensitive enough when Emerson and Hawthorne, two really great writers, ventured, in the most perfectly proper and temperate

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way, to point out that in certain respects the English people were, after all, merely human. Emerson and Hawthorne, of course, are still read and remembered, quite as much as Dickens, but they do not come within the class that I have been trying to describe. They were later, and their tone was larger and more modern, their criticism more subtle, their praise ample, and their temper fair. During the time which I have attempted to portray the harm done was very great. Englishmen gave comparatively little attention to us or to what we thought or said, but the attacks of her writers upon the United States, running through a long period of years, bred a bitter hatred of England among the American people, which has gradually and fortunately turned into a cold indifference, and this, in turn, it is to be hoped, will become something more and better than occasional friendship between individual members of the two nations. The regret which one feels as one looks back over the writings of that period brimming over with bitterness and anger is enhanced by considering the good which might have been done by more serious works conceived in a different spirit. We have two conspicuous examples of such books ready to our hands and possessed of an enduring reputation denied to those who wrote of the United States only to decry and wound. De Tocqueville is of the same period. His famous book is by no means filled with undiluted praise. He both warned and criticised, but he took America seriously and he was studied and admired. In our own time a distinguished English statesman has written a book upon our body politic and our methods of government. He has seen what was good as well as what was evil in our politics and our political system. He is a severe but just judge. Far from resenting his strictures, Americans regard his book with admiration and as high authority. It may be truly said that no Englishman has ever been more popular in the United States than James Bryce, the author of the "American Commonwealth."

Part Two will appear in The Outlook for January 4, 1913

A Crisis in the Woman Suffrage Party

THE annual Convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association in Philadelphia last month was naturally the most important and stirring of all such conventions. In the first place, there was to be celebrated the substantial political victory which the cause of the Association had won at the polls in November through the votes of men who believe in that cause. Four States have been added to the six where women already vote. These were Michigan, Kansas, Oregon, and Arizona—although even on the 1st of December there seems to be still some uncertainty as regards Michigan. A map of the United States showing in black the ten woman suffrage States gives to the eye a picture of what would be, were it not for Nevada, a solid block of far Western States, with Wyoming and Colorado stretching eastward in a smaller block; Kansas, like a vanguard, stretching still farther eastward; and Michigan, like a solitary advance sentinel, far to the northeast. It is estimated that through the November election the number of women voters has been just about doubled, and that it is now not far from three millions. Great interest was expressed at the Convention in the question as to what direction the future campaign should take. It seems certain that Pennsylvania will be the Eastern anti-suffrage citadel now to be stormed with the utmost vigor, and Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, one of the Eastern leaders, declares that the principal object in bringing the annual Convention to Philadelphia was to inaugurate a big campaign at the capital of the State, and to urge the Legislature at Harrisburg to submit the question to a popular referendum through a proposed Constitutional amendment. In the Middle West Iowa seems to

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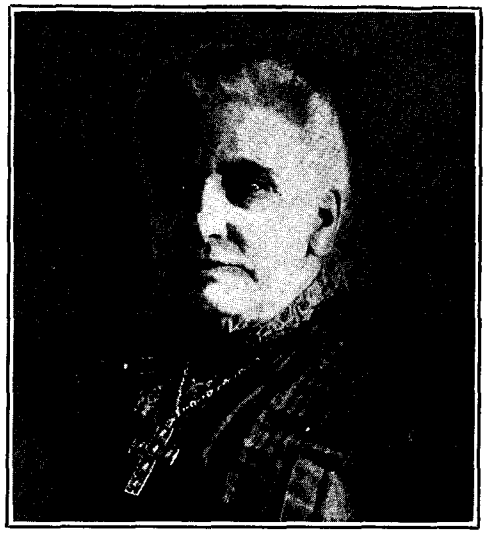
MISS JANE ADDAMS
Vice-President of the National Woman Suffrage Association



DR. ANNA SHAW
President of the National Woman Suffrage Association

be the most promising field for new activity, while North Dakota and Montana are also considered probable converts.

But the real center of interest at the Convention was not the victories gained or the plans for the future. For the first time in American political history a great National party has made woman suffrage one of its fighting issues. The ranks of the suffragists were, as a matter of course, divided as to their liking and trust in political parties. There was a strong difference of opinion as to the right of the officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association to act with any party. There was also a division of feeling between the Eastern and Western sections of the suffrage movement. As we understand it, the position of the Association in the past has been that, while individual members have a perfect right to work with either of the old parties (having always in mind the ultimate object of equal suffrage), the officers of the Association must not by their actions as officials commit the Association to anything like affiliation with a political party.

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT

Concretely and personally this crisis revolved around the action of Miss Jane Addams in going to Chicago as a delegate to the Progressive party's Convention and her splendid work in aid of the Progressive cause during the campaign. It was really to stamp Jane Addams's course with disapproval that an amendment was proposed by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont which would make the constitution of the organization positively forbid the officers of the Association to affiliate with any political party. The result was an overwhelming victory for Jane Addams and a personal indorsement of her motives and actions such as few leaders, men or women, have ever received. The President of the Association, Dr. Anna B. Shaw, who controlled and guided the debate with fairness and moderation, is quoted as describing the result of the vote in these words: "The Association has simply gone on record for Progressiveness, and that is all there is to it. We were always that, only some were not quite sure of it." Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, said: "How wrong it would be for any party

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MRS. JOSEPH T. BOWEN

MRS. HARRIET STANTON BLATCH

of women to bind themselves by a constitution that would prevent us from accepting assistance from any political party. There will be deviation from the will of the majority of the Convention. Honest differences of opinion will always creep up in an organization of this sort, and we will always be able to settle them safely and with fairness to the minority as well as to the majority of the Association." There was some fear that a split in the ranks of the Association might result, but apparently the decision was accepted loyally by all.

The personal triumph of Jane Addams—and every delegate knew that Miss Addams cared nothing for personal triumph, but everything for the opportunity to aid the broad cause of social justice and equal opportunity—was emphasized by the vote through which she was re-elected Vice-President. Out of four hundred and twenty-four votes cast she received all but ten. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was again chosen President without serious opposition, and thereby recognition was given to her ability, tact, and power of leadership. Other officers whose work has been appreciated by the members of the Association the country over and who were re-elected to the offices they had already held were Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, of New York, the Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Susan W. Fitzgerald, of Boston, Recording Secretary. Officers now newly chosen were Mrs. Katherine Dexter McCormick, of Chicago, as Treasurer, and Mrs. Charlotte A. Whitney, of California, as Second Vice-President; while the Auditors elected are Mrs. James L. Laidlaw, of New York, and Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, of Chicago.

The whole result of the discussion was thus described by a man observer quoted in one newspaper report: "In the present temper of women, and the country at large, any line of cleavage that puts Miss Jane Addams on one side is going to put a great many other people on that side. 'Get on Miss Addams's side first, and find out what it's all about next, is my way of looking at the matter.'"

Another matter of some consequence,

MRS. KATHERINE D. McCORMICK

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although by no means so exciting as the discussion already described, had to do with the unit rule. Heretofore the delegation sent by a State to the National Convention voted as a unit, no matter how many members of the delegation there were. Hereafter the delegates will follow the "one-woman-one-vote" rule just adopted. The trouble has been that while the States could send delegations proportionate in number to the size of the State (forty-nine for New York, for instance), they did not always actually send the full number permissible, and sometimes a few delegates actually present cast, it was thought, too large a vote—thus ten women from New York might cast the whole forty-nine votes.

One of the most interesting features of the Convention was the addresses of Baroness von Suttner, of Germany, a foremost advocate of world-wide peace, winner of the Nobel peace prize of 1905. She urged the women to take it as their first task, when they have obtained the ballot, to wipe out war, which, she declared, was being kept up by the reactionary element in all nations as a means of maintaining the power of wealth and the enslavement of the races. She added: "There is a tie between the suffragist and the pacificist. Both are working for more justice, more liberty, and more happiness in this world. We have the same friends and the same enemies. All those who are for progress are for us, and those who are calling themselves conservatives or retrogrades are against us. They look to the past. We look to the future, and we demand what the future has in it for us."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, International President of the Woman Suffrage Movement, just returned from a two years' trip around the globe, urged the women of America to a realization of the need of a fight to death against traffic in human life, which, she said, threatened the very foundations of civilization the world over.

MISS ALICE CARPENTER
One of the foremost Progressive leaders

To those who have read the debates at the Philadelphia conference and who have noticed the lines of cleavage and the personal make-up of the two opposing divisions, it is evident that behind the questions immediately discussed there lies a fundamental difference in the motive and purpose for which woman suffrage is sought. The number is growing less of those women who are fighting for suffrage in an angry and injured attempt to get something for themselves. But there are still those whose tone and temperament are indicated by one woman who once said, "We don't want to vote, but we want to get the right to vote." The theory of a natural right withheld is a wrong theory; the desire to offer service is the right theory. No one has exemplified this last so finely as Miss Addams. She believes that suffrage is coming for women and will continue to come just precisely as every other extension of democracy has come—because those already exercising all the privileges of citizens are coming to feel that the common good can best be reached through a common effort not limited by the line of sex distinction. All Miss Addams's efforts in the recent Progressive campaign show that this is what is uppermost in her mind, and in all her speeches the sentiment of striving for definite, positive, concrete reforms completely outweighed any note of agitation to obtain privilege. One passage may be quoted: "Women know now that government is not a sublime and awful and mysterious thing outside themselves, so deep and profound they may not understand it. It is not for war and diplomacy alone. It is an intimate thing impossible to separate from individuals. It is like unto the kingdom of God—it is within you and not without. Government is in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the diseases that enter into our homes. It has to do with the education of our children and the living conditions of our men and women."

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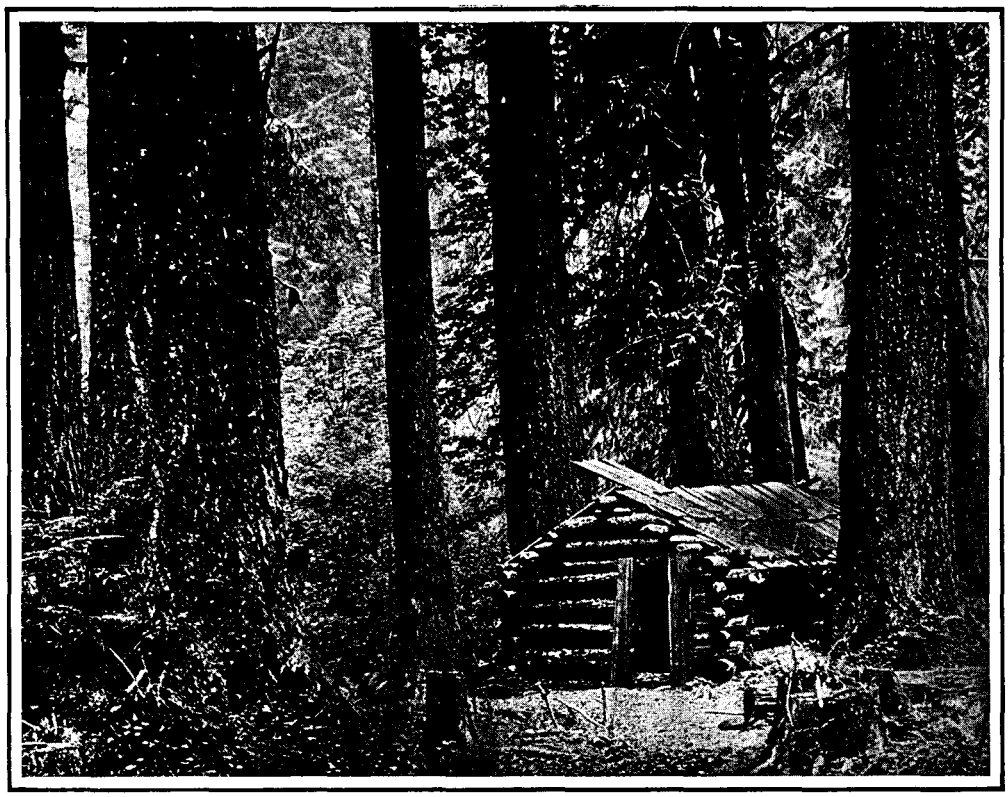

A FORESTER'S CABIN IN OREGON

Shall the States Own the Forests?

BY HENRY S. GRAVES

THE FORESTER OF THE UNITED STATES

DURING the last three years the proposal to turn over the National Forests to the States has been urged with increasing insistence. It has been advocated at frequent gatherings in the West, by a portion of the press, and by various members of Congress. Legislative measures proposing such a transfer have been framed. Debate on one of these measures clearly showed an astonishing amount of support to the idea that transfer to the States would be the ultimate disposition of the remaining public lands, the National Forests included.

Whether the State or Nation should own and administer these public resources is a question thus definitely presented to the American people. A more fundamental question underlies it: Shall the National Forests be broken up and parceled out to individuals and corporations, and Forest Conservation, as a public policy, be abandoned?

The National Forests contain 187,000,000 acres of land adapted primarily to the production of timber and protection of water. They are mainly rugged, mountainous areas in the Rocky Mountains, the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges, and portions of the Coast ranges. They include the head-waters of every important stream in the western two-thirds of the United States. Their standing timber aggregates 600,000,000,000 feet, easily one-fifth of the country's total supply. Their undeveloped water power approximates 12,000,000 horse-power. The waters which they maintain are vital to present and future irrigation development in the West, and to the navigability of all its larger streams. An exact valuation of these resources is impossi-

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ble. As tangible assets they are worth not less than $2,000,000,000. A greater value, which cannot be measured by dollars and cents, is the stability which they insure, by continuous production of timber and water, to the industrial life of the Nation.

The National Forests have been repeatedly charged with blocking the development of the West. Nothing could be further from the facts. Lands chiefly valuable for agriculture are available for settlement. Approximately 1,250,000 acres of such lands have been classified and listed for entry by the Forest Service, to the benefit of 12,000 settlers. Prospecting and bona-fide mining on the National Forests are unrestricted. Sales of mature timber are encouraged by every possible means consistent with businesslike administration. Over fifty-six hundred timber sales are made yearly, ninety-five per cent of them of small amounts for local use. Free timber is granted annually to over forty thousand settlers and prospectors for developing homes or mines. Water power development is encouraged as far as practicable under the present inadequate laws. Some two hundred power companies are now using or developing sites within the National Forests. The only restrictions imposed upon this widespread use of the National Forests are those required to maintain the permanency and value of the resources and to prevent monopoly.

The National Forests are the most significant and concrete expression of the principle of Conservation. That principle has been very commonly misrepresented as a policy of present non-use for the sake of future generations. Its true purpose is twofold—to prevent monopoly of public resources, and to secure their greatest use, both present and future, by scientific development. The stewardship of the Forest Service seeks, as to the National Forests, first, use of present resources; second, permanency of such resources; and, third, greater and more valuable resources for the future.

The creation of the Forests was at first opposed by almost all those who had profited by the use or acquisition of public resources on a large scale. The large timber operator, the water power company, and the large live stock company found the extension of their hold upon the public domain blocked by the new principle of public control. Some of these interests have now come to advocate National Forests, because they have seen that public control, combined with intelligent regulation of use, enhances productiveness and works to the advantage of their industry as well as of the general public. Others have consistently opposed the National Forest policy. The opposition first sought to abolish the Forests. It has repeatedly attempted to cripple their administration by reductions in appropriations. It has restricted the authority and discretion of the Executive in adding to the Forest areas. It has sought to break up the Forests by indiscriminate land eliminations. Failing in direct attacks upon public control, the same interests now seek the same end by transferring ownership to the States.

For the vast forest-bearing, mountainous areas embraced in the National Forests public control is essential to obtaining the maximum return in public benefits. Lumbering in the United States to-day is the exploitation of timber, not its production. Its result is steady diminution both in actual supply and in the productiveness of timberlands. The country is now consuming or losing through fire every year over three times the amount produced annually by growth on its entire forested area. The problem of timber production has not been solved by private ownership in foreign countries. It will not be in the United States.

The first great National interest in these public forests is that of a future timber supply. Our present economic structure has totally eliminated the localized production of staple commodities. This is as true of timber as it is of wheat, corn, cotton, or mutton. For many years the National center of lumber production was in the Lake States. It has now moved to the pine-producing States of the South. The present generation will see it cross the Continental Divide to the coniferous forests of the Northwest. If the same methods of exploitation are permitted in the West, it will be but a question of years before there are no more centers to draw upon.

The production of timber, however, is not the only function of the National Forests. The forest cover on these mountainous areas protects, and in large measure even creates, the sources of water indispensable to the industrial life of the Nation. The irrigator, the developer of hydro-electric power, and the municipality seeking an adequate supply of water for its citizens have one interest; the manufacturer of lumber and the lumber consumer, a different interest. To despoil

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one resource in utilizing the other would be the height of National waste.

The National Forests contain vast quantities of forage. On lands adapted to timber production grazing interferes to a greater or less extent with the renewal of the forest, and must be adjusted or restricted so that this primary function will not be impaired. Elsewhere range use must be strictly regulated in the interest of water protection. Large areas covered with brush or scattered trees have been put in the Forests at the request of the Reclamation Service or of local irrigation interests, not to grow commercial timber, but to grow anything that will check erosion. Many small areas through the National Forests are of great value for power sites. Sites for manufacturing plants in connection with lumbering, for reduction or milling plants in connection with mining, for irrigation reservoirs, and for hotels and sanitaria, are already in demand; such uses will grow. Many areas will undoubtedly serve their highest function as camping and recreation grounds for the public. These possible forms of use often conflict. Power or irrigation works on a large stream may block the utilization of billions of feet of standing timber on its head-waters. Each acre of ground must be put to its highest use in the light of scientific knowledge of all its possibilities. To such an adjustment public control is a fundamental necessity.

Many of the uses to which specific areas are best adapted can be attained only by an initial outlay which no individual or private owner could afford. Seven and one-half million acres of burned and denuded land in the National Forests capable of producing timber are idle, and will remain so until reforested by artificial means. In private hands this would never be done. The ultimate productiveness of many of the stock ranges can similarly be improved.

Further, there are broad public interests to be safeguarded. Protection of the navigability of the larger streams and the control of floods which are often more than State-wide in their extent and injury are matters of National concern. With the seriousness of the flood problem in many parts of the United States, with the financial burden now imposed upon the country for artificial control of floods and the artificial deepening of navigable rivers, with the acute problem of cheap interior transportation—with all of these vital questions of National welfare demanding action, it is inconceivable that the surrender of public control of these great storage reservoirs, which feed and regulate the river systems of the West, should be seriously considered by the public at large.

Once public ownership is surrendered, the three great resources of the Forests—timber, water, and forage—are readily monopolized for private advantage.

The Commissioner of Corporations has shown[1] in a recent report on the standing timber of the country that there is a concentration of ownership in a relatively few large holdings, and that there has been a vast speculative purchase and holding of timberland far in advance of its use.

The concentration of uncut forests in a few hands is most marked in the Pacific Northwest. This region contains five-elevenths of the privately owned timber of the country. During the last forty years three corporations have acquired nearly a quarter of this amount, eight corporations a third of it, and thirty-seven corporations or other owners one-half of it. This identical region contains over two-thirds of the timber in the National Forests. The result of relinquishing public ownership of these areas is written in the history of what has already occurred.

In 1901 705,000 acres of heavily timbered land was eliminated from the Olympic National Forest, Washington. Members of Congress and local interests had claimed persistently that this area was chiefly valuable for agriculture, and that its inclusion in the Forest was blocking development. When eliminated, it was of course obtainable from the Government only in small holdings. Ten years later 523,720 acres had passed into the hands of owners who were holding it for its timber. Three companies and two individuals held 178,000 acres. One owner held 81,630 acres. Of the area originally timbered only about 600 acres were under cultivation.

While outside the National Forests the timber of the West is passing into a few hands, within the Forests thousands of independent operators, large and small, are now obtaining public stumpage. Their number is increasing yearly. Not only is opportunity thus afforded the independent manufacturer to establish himself in the lumber trade; competition in the manufacture and sale of lumber is assured.

[1] Summary of Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Lumber Industry, Part I, Standing Timber, February 13, 1911.

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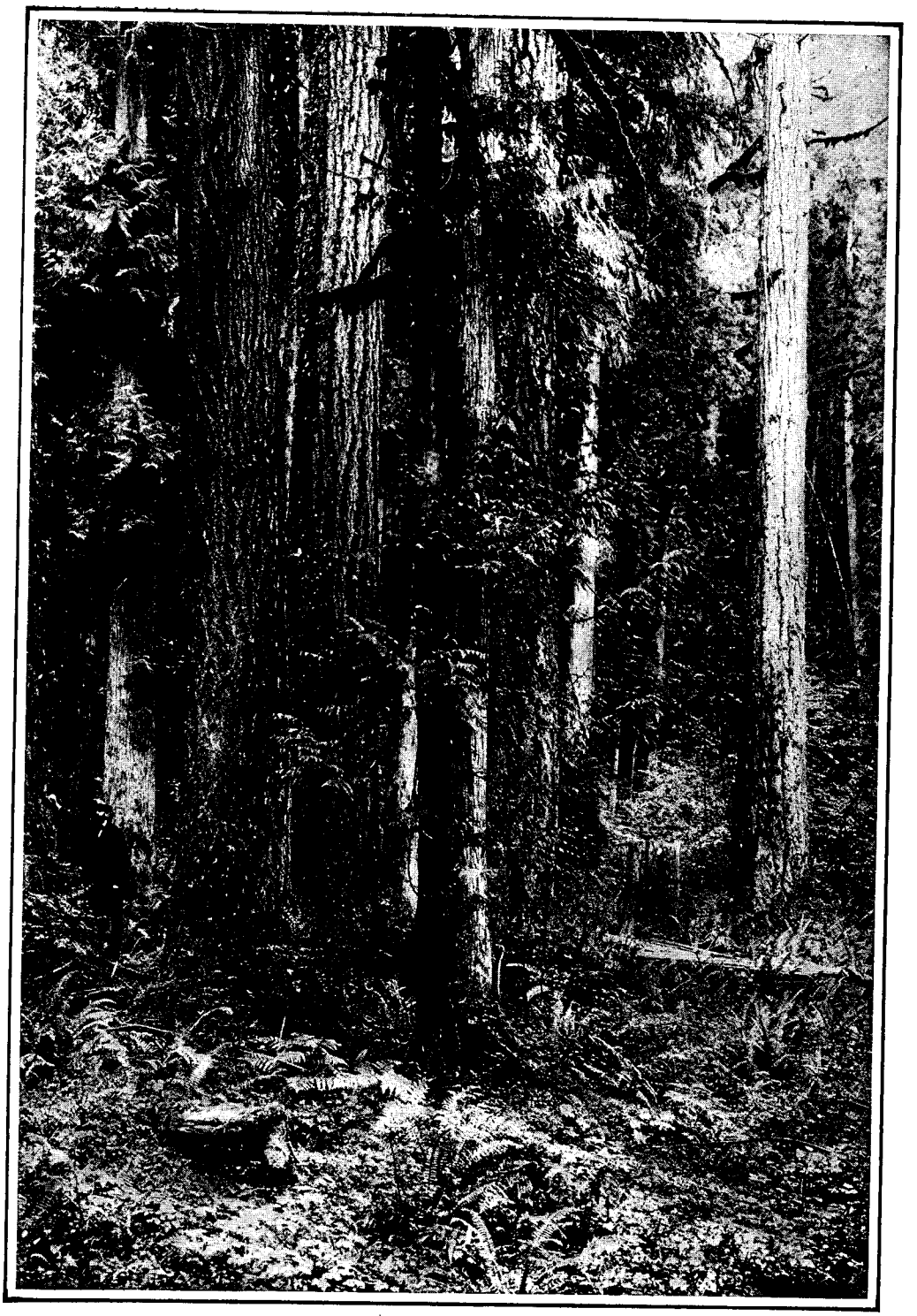

THE RED FIR AND RED CEDAR TREES, WITH TYPICAL MOSS, FERN,

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VINES, AND MAPLE GROUND COVER, IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

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In the report of the Commissioner of Corporations on Water Power Development in the United States[1] ten corporations are shown to control 1,821,000 horse-power of developed water power, about sixty per cent of all the commercial power in the United States. The same interests control 1,449,000 horse-power of undeveloped electric energy. There are clear indications of relationship between certain of these corporations. The ramifications of the power monopoly are shown by the fact that the water power or allied companies own or control and operate street railways in 111 towns, electric lighting plants in 669, and gas plants in 113. Twenty officers and directors of the General Electric Company and its three subsidiaries control twenty-four corporations which operate hydro-electric plants, over fifty public service corporations, a number of railways and factories, and over fifty banks and financial houses. Local concentration of water power control is still more marked. Eighty-six per cent of the developed water power of California is owned by six corporations. Seventy per cent of the developed power of Washington is owned by two corporations. Similar conditions exist in Colorado and Montana.

A large part of the undeveloped water power in the Western States is within the National Forests. It is now being developed and utilized under lease. It is available to the independent operator. The terms of the lease forbid its transfer or assignment to any other company or corporation. It cannot be monopolized. Many attempts have been made by the power interests to acquire these sites—by mineral locations, entries under the Forest Homestead Act, wholesale eliminations from the Forests, and special grants from Congress. To the extent to which these powers are allowed, through ownership of the land, to pass from public control, private monopoly of water power will be strengthened. The ability of the public to regulate or control such monopolies will be correspondingly reduced.

It would be as shortsighted to surrender public ownership of resources which, like water power, have a natural monopoly value, as it would be to repeat the mistakes made when public service corporations were given franchises of great value for nothing and for all time.

Monopoly of the Western stock ranges, should public control of the Forests be relaxed, is possibly less menacing than that of timber or water power. Yet unregulated grazing of the public lands produced, in most parts of the West, large sheep and cattle companies which, through ownership of water, or shrewd location of claims, or pure force, controlled enormous areas of range.

On the National Forests there is a wide distribution of grazing privileges. To make room for the new settler, the larger herds of old users have been cut down. In no more concrete or practical way has the doctrine of equal opportunity, the antithesis of monopoly, been applied.

The second great National interest in the Forests is their protection of navigable rivers and inter-State streams. Fully seventy per cent of their total area is on watersheds of these two classes. Federal control of navigation has long been an established principle of this Government. Its most significant application in recent years is the protection of head-waters of navigable streams through direct purchase by the United States. The Weeks Act, passed March 1, 1911, appropriated $11,000,000 for the purchase of forested lands on the head-waters of navigable rivers. Every Eastern State within which the establishment of National holdings for this purpose was proposed has asked the General Government to enter its borders for this object. For the Government to part with title to mountainous, forest-bearing land on the watersheds of a navigable stream in the West, while drawing upon the Federal Treasury to buy similar land in the East, would not only be the extreme of inconsistency, but would reject the results of prolonged and costly experience in the parts of the country where private ownership of such areas has had the longest and best opportunity to demonstrate its results upon navigation.

The simple fact that a great majority of the important navigable streams cross several States or have head-waters in different States precludes the States from discharging the function of adequate protection. The Rio Grande River has its sources in Colorado. It traverses New Mexico, and later becomes the boundary between Texas and old Mexico. During much of its course it supports, or will support, extensive irrigation and power development. The protection of the sources of that stream is a question of the most vital importance to three States and one foreign nation. No single State can perform this duty. It belongs to the Nation. The same

[1] March 14, 1912.

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is true of the Colorado River, which affects six States; the Snake River, which affects four; and the Missouri, which affects seven States before its confluence with the Mississippi. The whole problem of protecting inter-State streams for the prevention of floods and the benefit of all industries and uses dependent upon them is as distinctly National as the reclamation of arid lands, the construction of inland waterways, or the digging of the Panama Canal.

The States have many legitimate interests in the National Forests. The administration of the National Forests recognizes fully all of these interests. As a matter of fact, the greatest direct benefits of public control are received by the communities nearest to them. The Forest Service is committed to the settlement of lands in the Forests chiefly valuable for agriculture. The timber needs of local residents, communities, and industries are amply provided for by free use privileges and local sales. No timber is sold for shipment to the general markets of the country unless there is more than enough to supply both present and future local needs. A similar policy governs the distribution of grazing privileges and the use of Forest lands for water development. Charges for any of these resources are made only when the use is distinctly commercial in character.

As rapidly as it can the Forest Service is opening up the inaccessible mountainous regions which make up the bulk of the National Forests. Many settlements have been helped to secure an outlet to town, railway, or market by trails, roads, bridges, and ferries built by the Forest Service. Much of this work has been done in co-operation with counties or communities of settlers. The appropriation act this year made available ten per cent of the gross receipts from the National Forests for building roads and trails needed for the development of the country. This is aside from the regular appropriation for permanent improvements needed primarily for the protection and administration of the Forests. Under the new clause, $200,000 is available for the current year.

The Forest Service recognized at the start that its local personnel must not only be familiar with the regions in which they worked, but must also be in sympathy with the problems and interests of the people. An early provision of law required the selection of supervisors for the respective forests from residents of the States concerned as far as practicable. This has been scrupulously followed. Furthermore, the regulations governing the National Forests provide for the adaptation of administrative measures to the varying needs in different localities.

Loss of local taxes to State and county has been met by legislation giving the county road and school funds twenty-five per cent of the National Forest gross receipts. This is entirely distinct from the ten per cent already mentioned. On the more inaccessible and undeveloped Forests the returns to the State under this provision are not yet great. From other Forests the amounts now received by the counties form no inconsiderable part of their revenue. During the year ending June 30, 1911, the Bitter Root National Forest, Montana, paid $15,000 into the county treasury; the Deer Lodge National Forest, in the same State, $19,400; and the Coconino National Forest, Arizona, $12,800. The revenue derived from the Deer Lodge by Montana is greater than if the entire area were taxable and assessed as timberland of the first class under the Montana laws—a class which, in fact, would include less than a third of the area. The returns in these instances indicate what is approaching on all of the Forests as the demand for their resources becomes more general.

Of still greater moment to the National Forest communities, however, is the development and maintenance of stable industries. The National Forests are capable of producing indefinitely over six billion feet of timber each year. This may be increased to eight or ten billion. Every thousand feet of such timber which is cut pays to the community at least $8 in wages and $2 or more for merchandise. When market conditions make it possible to utilize the full annual yield of these areas, the industries which it will support will distribute at least sixty million dollars every year for labor and supplies in the communities in and near the National Forests. Furthermore, this industrial development will be permanent.

Oftentimes local communities are practically the sole beneficiaries of this policy. The sparsely timbered Forests of southern California are maintained almost exclusively for the protection of streams used for local irrigation and power development. This protection is known to the people of that region to be vital to the maintenance of the water upon which practically their entire agriculture

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and horticulture depend. Many areas are held in the National Forests, at the request of local communities, primarily to protect municipal water supplies. On some of them the sparse forest growth is being extended by artificial planting. The broad principle of public control of resources to accomplish objects which could not be accomplished under private control is being applied.

It would seem, therefore, that all of the legitimate needs of the Western communities are provided for, and that the transfer of ownership of the Forests from the Government to the several States cannot be justified on the ground of discrimination against the latter or injury to their interests.

The various grants of public land to the States total nearly 185,000,000 acres. The largest grants have been made to promote education, as vital to the maintenance of democratic government and free institutions. Other grants have been made for public buildings and penitentiaries, still others to promote military training and the construction of post roads. The eleven States west of the one hundredth meridian, which contain most of the National Forests, have received nearly 77,000,000 acres. The average grant to the National Forest States is therefore 6,985,000 acres, against 2,920,000 acres to each of the other States. The western-most States have received sixty per cent of the land granted for education, maintenance of public institutions, and other special purposes, and all of the land granted under the Carey Act for the promotion of irrigation. Aside from the swamp land grants, which benefited particularly the Southern States, the National Forest States have received, State for State, nearly six times as much public land as their Eastern sisters.

Without begrudging this liberal use of public resources to aid the development of the Western States, it must be emphasized that the aim of every grant has been to promote the public welfare, judged not only from a local but also from a National standpoint. The transfer of the National Forests would be a further gift of 187,000,000 acres, chiefly to the same States.

The protection, administration, and development of the National Forests involve financial burdens which the individual States cannot carry. The regular expenditures on the Forests during the fiscal year 1911 were over $3,400,000. The receipts for the same year were about $2,000,000. Few, if any, of the National Forest States would have been willing to appropriate the amounts necessary to cover the regular expenditures. To meet the additional burden of emergency fire protection would have been impossible. In Montana the emergency expenditure was over $400,000, in Idaho $350,000, and in Oregon over $100,000. If the amounts needed had not been available at the time of critical danger, a vast part of the public wealth in the Forests would have been lost.

The foregoing does not include any overhead charges. The National Forest States are grouped in six districts, each with a supervising and inspecting staff. The splitting of the six administrative units into twenty would double, if not treble, the overhead charge. In the same way there would be waste and ineffectiveness in the conduct of scientific work. Good forestry, like good farming, must apply scientific knowledge. This knowledge the Government is now gathering in connection with National Forest administration. In developing American forestry it has built up a strong technical staff and instituted far-reaching studies and experiments. That the States would sufficiently provide for the cost of such work is improbable. If they did, the cost would be greater, the results smaller, and poorer forestry would result.

Moreover, the Forests are still largely undeveloped wilderness. Although nearly 10,000 miles of trail, 7,000 miles of telephone lines, and over 1,000 cabins and other structures have been built, 80,000 miles of trail and 40,000 miles of telephone line are still needed to complete the primary fire protective system. These improvements will cost not less than $8,000,000.

These expenditures are not excessive for an area equivalent to the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, and Ohio, in the most rugged and inaccessible parts of the West. The present cost of administering and protecting the Forests, supervision included, amounts to little more than two cents an acre annually; or, as insurance on the property protected, two mills on the dollar. It is less than a number of lumber companies are now expending solely for protecting their lands from fire. It is less than one-third the cost of the public forests of British India, which are administered far more cheaply than those of any other foreign nation. But the States are not ready to assume such financial burdens. If they

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attempted it, the Forests would either be inadequately protected and administered or they would be managed with a view to greater immediate money returns. Destruction of the Forests by fire or trespass or unrestricted and unscientific methods of cutting, rapid depletion of their timber by overcutting, and private exploitation of their resources at much less than their actual value would be the inevitable results. Few of the States have as yet met their responsibilities in the protection of forest lands now owned by them or their citizens.

Administration by the Federal Government means greater stability of policy. Stability in the policies governing the use of the National Forests is a necessity of axiomatic character. Their water powers can be developed only under plans made for long periods. Much of their timber can be utilized only under contracts for cutting and removal extending over fifteen or twenty years. Sudden shifts or changes in the policy or methods of administration would be fatal. In the administration of the National Forests a clear-cut, uniform policy has been developed and applied by the Nation. Its results are known. It has been in force for years. Transfer the Forests to the States, and twenty separate and distinct policies must be developed, tested, and tried out.

It must be conceded, furthermore, that the Federal Government has higher and more stable standards of civil service. The management of the National Forests under its direction has been free from political consideration. Every position on the rolls is under the Civil Service Law. It is fair to raise the question whether similar standards of civil service and similar freedom from political considerations could be expected under twenty different State Governments. The people of one of the great Eastern States have so distrusted its governmental machinery and have been so fearful of political manipulations that fifteen years ago they forbade the cutting of any timber in the State forests. The more far-sighted citizens and officials of many Western States have been sorely handicapped in their efforts to bring about conservative, businesslike handling of the lands which those States now own. Political considerations are openly of controlling weight in the organization of the land and forestry departments of a number of the States. Few of them have stable

A FOREST OF WHITE PINE, PITCH PINE, AND GRAY BIRCH IN HAMPDEN COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS

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civil service regulations governing their employees. The temptation to use patronage for political purposes is the dead weight to-day on the administration of the game laws in very many of the States. With its broader responsiblity, its more stable civil service regulations, and its openness to more searching public scrutiny, the Federal Government is a far safer custodian of the public interests involved than would be provided by a large number of individual States.

The States cannot resist the influence of great business interests, either in making or executing laws, as effectively as the Central Government. The difficulty of even the strongest States in withstanding the constant pressure of such interests through long periods of years has been demonstrated over and over again. Many States have been absolutely dominated by them. Monopolies of National scope have been developed or are in the making through the opportunities which such interests formerly had to acquire public resources. Each additional foothold obtained by them in the National Forests of a single State would strengthen such monopolies. But its effect upon the prosperity and happiness of the people would not be confined to the State immediately concerned.

After everything else has been said, the fundamental fact remains that public control of the resources contained in the National Forests can be assured only under Federal ownership. The transfer to State ownership is now, in purpose, and would prove in effect, the breaking up of public control of any kind.

The amendment offered to the last Agricultural Appropriation Bill provided that, after the National Forests are acquired by the States, "thereafter the lands so conveyed shall be the property of such State, and shall be held, administered, settled, and disposed of by such State in accordance with the laws of such State." And, further, "that after the transfer of such lands to the State, they shall be opened to settlement and sale under the laws of said State." In plain terms, the abandonment of public control altogether and opening the Forests to acquisition by individuals is proposed. And the significant fact is that this disposition of the Forests appeared to have the support of a majority of the Senators who discussed the bill.

The history of the movement for State ownership supports this belief. Its most earnest advocates are the very interests whose unrestrained exploitation of public resources was stopped by the creation of the Forests. The water power corporations have been its foremost champions. Their acknowledged representative spoke in its behalf at the Conservation Congress at St. Paul in 1910. The Public Lands Convention, which met at Denver in October, 1911, composed of the elements in the West which have always fought the reservation of these areas from private acquisition, went on record in support of State control. The forces which opposed the National Forests at their inception now attack by this means, not any given agency of administration or any theoretical usurpation of local rights by the Central Government, but the fundamental principle of public control in any form.

A number of the Western States themselves, by official acts, have shown the same purpose toward the resources contained in the National Forests. The Legislature of the State of Washington passed a resolution in 1903 requesting that 58,240 acres of very heavily timbered land, set aside for forest reservation purposes, be thrown open to entry. In February, 1911, the Legislature of that State, by joint resolution, requested Congress and the President to open to entry 114,000 acres in the Columbia National Forest unfit for agriculture. On February 15, 1911, the Legislature of Idaho requested the President to eliminate 46,000 acres from the Cœur d'Alene National Forest in that State, which contained scarcely one hundred acres of agricultural land. The same State requested on March 3, 1911, the elimination of portions of three townships containing similar land in the Pend Oreille National Forest.

The movement for State ownership is thus largely, if not wholly, a movement for the abandonment of public control. It is a thinly disguised attack upon the integrity of the Forests, and, through them, upon the whole Conservation policy. Whether private acquisition of these resources is proposed by all advocates of State ownership or not, such would be its practical effect. It is believed that the people have not changed their conviction that public control is necessary. The question becomes, then, simply, What governmental agency is best equipped to exercise this control for them? There can be but one answer to this question. For the strongest, most stable, and most effective administration of these resources for their own good the people must continue to look to the Federal Government.

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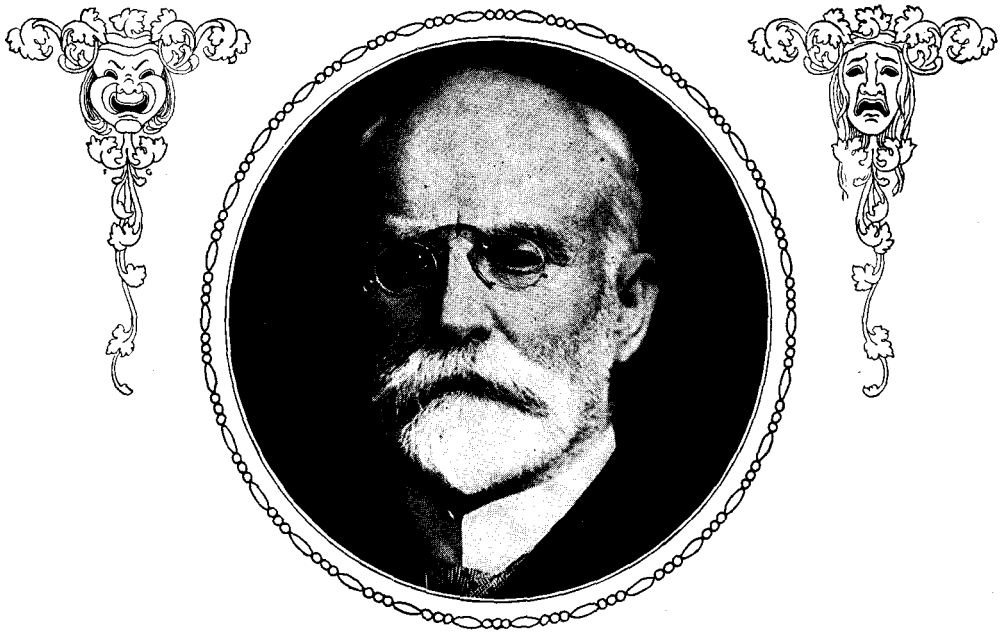

BRONSON HOWARD

American Plays Old and New

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

BRONSON HOWARD once said that in every country there is one theme that interests a great company of playgoers. "In France," he declared, "this perennial topic is marital infelicity; in England it is caste; in the United States it is business." The moment that dictum is read the exceptions come crowding in; and, if one studies the drama produced in this country, he sees that, while what is called "business" is a theme of universal interest, the word gets a wider meaning the moment the thing or things it connotes rise into the region of art. More than this: he sees that business is, in a true sense, the real thing with which art must deal in this country if it is to justify itself; and that business is, in fact, the one thing from which art has least to fear. For the most dangerous foe of art is convention that has hardened into formalism with its blighting influence on invention, individuality, passion—the elemental qualities and forces. It is rigid convention—literary, artistic, academic, social—which is the mother of imitation, of the conformity that shapes an expression, not to a man's thought, but to another man's way of saying things; of that spirit of repetition which uses the old tools without the old skill, and repeats the old truths without the old conviction. When the process of conventionalizing an art, a society, a religion, has gone far enough, there comes, not a reaction, but a revolution; not a voice crying in the wilderness, but a volcanic eruption. No one can understand Ibsen until he gets back of the dramatist into the chemist's shop in Grimstad and into the Scandinavian world in which Ibsen was born, where the old heroes, blind and impotent, were grinding at the mills and turning out pretty or formal patterns in religion, in poetry, in social life. The drama came to life again on the Continent when Ibsen—a great surgeon rather than a great observer, a great interpreter of life, or a great poet—put his broad shoulders to the old imitation temple and pulled it down amid clouds of dust and a mighty chorus of imprecations.

Art has everything to fear from the creeping death of convention—that is to say, from forms and facts and interpretations that have

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become purely historic and traditional—and nothing to fear from life. Life is often crude and impatient, sometimes violent; it tries to take the kingdom of art by storm; but it always means the opening of another spring of vitality; it brings fresh feeling, contact with reality, the courage which made Euripides, Marlowe, Calderon, Molière, Schiller, Hugo, Ibsen—despite his narrow intensity, perhaps because of it—such powerful agents of liberation. If we are going to do real things in art in this country, we must lose our timidity in the presence of business; we must look through it and behind it and prophesy for it as Emerson did. For it is not a preconcerted absorption in practical affairs, a national agreement that our function is to make money; it is an instinctive, inevitable, and tremendous outpouring of human energy, a great and vital expression of the human spirit; before we condemn it—we who are afflicted with the special kind of blindness which infects libraries, colleges, and skilled professions, and is so insidious that it destroys the faculty of sight before the victim is aware of it—let us try to understand it.

Business is *not* mere shopkeeping or trading. It is not only a commerce of things but of ideas and forces. "*It came to them business, it left them poetry.*" This is what happened in Pittsburgh when Mr. John Alexander painted the walls of the Carnegie Institute. Instead of giving us nymphs and goddesses, he challenged the business of Pittsburgh to yield its human significance, and he got, what the creative man always gets, the human relationship, the human quality, the tremendous human force at play; he caught the thrilling vision of the elemental struggle which it is the business of art to present and represent and interpret. This is what they cared for—those thousands who thronged the marble benches to hear the story of Agamemnon as Æschylus told it; not then a classical tradition shaped by a classical model, but a first-hand study of a living view of fate in the world, in a form which had grown stem by stem and flower by flower out of the common earth under their feet. This was what they sought—the noisy, turbulent throng that stood in the Globe Theater to hear what Shakespeare had to say in his own vivid, stirring, sometimes devil-may-care way about the fortunes of men with the light of nineteen additional centuries' full glow upon them.

This seems like a digression; but so far the American drama has been a digression save when it has dealt with the particular and special work of the American spirit, and the relations, tragedies, spiritual impoverishments and spiritual prosperities that grow out of it. When we run away from what we call "business" and try to hide ourselves in earlier ages, as Mrs. Edith Wharton did in "The Valley of Decision" and Powers did in "The Greek Slave" (on the propriety of which a committee of Cincinnati clergymen was called upon to pass, as if the pretty, graceful, lifeless thing could harm anybody), we have produced refined and charming books, pictures, statues; when we have faced and challenged it and made it give us its life, we have set a column of living men marching, as we did in the Shaw memorial, or we have clothed a great, awkward, appealing figure with immortality, as we have done in Lincoln Park, Chicago. When Fenimore Cooper wrote his first novel, provincial that he was in a provincial age, he turned timidly to England and gave the world a second-hand picture of English manners; when he opened his eyes and looked about him, he stayed in Westchester County and wrote our first real story. Curiously enough, this was the theme of the first American play produced by a professional company—"The Contrast," written by Royall Tyler and presented in New York on April 16, 1787; the contrast was between those who imitated foreign manners and those whose manners were home-made. It was a poor affair, but it had the saving grace of reality; and because the breath of life was in its meager, misshapen body, one of its characters, Jonathan, has not only survived but has become typical. There were other earlier plays politely described by the literary historians as reading-plays—though it is doubtful if they achieved even that degree of attention. William Dunlap wrote a "History of the American Theater" so far back as 1832, and was the reputed father of some sixty plays, none of which need detain us. Of the plays of the long interval between the time when Edgar Allan Poe's mother was winning friends in Boston by the sweetness and charm of her personality and the later dramatic movement there is little to be said from the point of view of dramatic art. A few plays were lifted into prominence by the genius of the individual actor. John T. Raymond made Colonel Sellers in "The Almighty Dollar" a type of the American dreamer in finance, and Joseph Jefferson,

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AUGUSTUS THOMAS

EDWARD SHELDON

of fragrant and lovable memory, lifted a mediocre play into the region of art by the appeal of humor and pathos—a striking illustration of the touch of vitality which brings the dead to life. "Hazel Kirke," "The Old Homestead," and "Shore Acres" were dependent for success on fine acting. One name stands out in the lost list of mechanical playwrights—George H. Boker, a Philadelphian, and a man of fine literary feeling and training, whose "Francesca da Rimini" is still played to interested audiences; a genuinely poetic play, of which Stedman said that it waited twenty-five years for an actor and manager who could divine its possibilities, and which has recently found in Mr. Otis Skinner an intelligent and accomplished interpreter. Boker's friend, Bayard Taylor, out of the abundance of his vitality, wrote dramas of ambitious scope and not lacking in eloquence, but his gift, like that of the other American poets of his time and earlier, was lyrical rather than dramatic.

Our stage has never been without the witness of American courage, but the plays that have had a flitting or even a prolonged life have been mainly prophetic. The vital movement in American drama may be said to have begun with that expert playwright and charming man, Bronson Howard, whose failures were few and whose successes were many. If Irving was our earliest man of letters by profession, Mr. Howard was our earliest professional playwright, who put all his fortunes into the making of acting dramas. He came to his life-work through the newspaper office, the laboratory in which dramatic incident and action are studied at first hand. His plays were American to the core. This does not mean that they were provincial; it does mean that he portrayed the society and personated the people he knew best. This element of reality gave his plays sincerity and value in an age of adaptations from the French which were forgotten as soon as they were withdrawn from the stage. There was an absence of the flamboyant and a presence of quiet authority in Mr. Howard's dramas which evidenced their authenticity as real plays and not mere pieces of stage dexterity. The spirit of comedy—elusive, playful, clear-eyed—pervaded his work from "Saratoga" to "Kate." He was well equipped for the writing of comedy, for he had inventiveness, vivacity, humor, keen insight, and knowledge of contemporary society. He knew the stage intimately, as did Shakespeare and all the writers of acting dramas. This is the stone of stumbling in the path of the so-called literary dramatist—he does not understand the difference between the literature that is to be read and the literature that is to be acted; so radical and deep-going is this difference that a play that is first and last a play to be acted cannot be fully understood off the stage. Sir Henry Irving's exposition of Shakespeare's expert stagecraft, read at Princeton several years ago, is perhaps the most illuminating contribution to our knowl-

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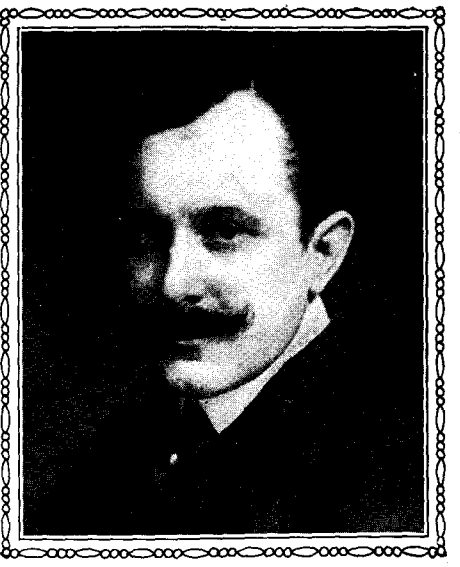
JAMES A. HERNE



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CLYDE FITCH

edge of the great playwright in a generation of learned and many unlearned treatises. In James A. Herne's rural play, "Shore Acres," in which he acted the chief part, the most effective touch was not in the text, but in the actor—the winding of the clock by the old man after everybody had gone to bed, and the sense of loneliness that came, charged with pathos, over the footlights as he lingered solitary on the stage. Mr. Brander Matthews has called attention to the poetry in action in the funeral scene in "Shenandoah," "where the soldier father, all unknowing, walks reverently behind the body of his erring son, who has been redeemed by a heroic death."

A play is not a piece of writing: it is the transfer of the play-maker's thought, not to the reader but to the spectator, by words, by painting, by the modulation of the voice, by the expression of the face, by gesture, and by action. Does not the irony of the Greek play, which lies largely in the spectator's knowledge and the actor's ignorance of the swift approach of doom, penetrate our imaginations more powerfully in the pauses of the action than in its progress?

Of that indefatigable play-writer Clyde Fitch it may be said that, although he had put more than forty plays on the stage, he died at forty-four, and there was in him the promise of stronger and more enduring work. Success met him early and stayed with him to the end. His reputation was wider and his financial returns were greater than those of any other American play-writer. He was a man of brains and of education, but he was more than anything else a stage-manager; he was a master of stage effects, and he caught his audiences by the concrete and definite realities he put before them. Everybody remembers the disturbing vividness of the rolling deck of the ocean liner in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." He put the department store and the automobile on the stage so effectively as to give his audiences the sense of hot air and fatigue from the one, and of rush and hideous masks from the other. He became so enamored of the power of the external facts of life that he lost interest in the inner forces in which resides the real and finest spell. The stage of a modern up-to-date theater is a wonderful congeries of mechanisms, complicated beyond the comprehension of the layman. On this vast and delicate machinery Fitch played with a cunning hand. It was like playing a game with the public. He knew all the devices and could command all the illusions. That knowledge was a short cut to popularity and fortune; but it was not a highway to work of lasting power or to fame, which is often at the other end of the world from popularity. He fell a victim to ingenuity, to technical skill; exquisite machinery sang its siren song to him as it sings to the rest of us in religion, in art, in education, in politics.

Mr. Fitch had immense cleverness, but he lacked genius. His work was often shrewd in its character study, but it was not penetrating. He knew the minor facts of life, but

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BOOTH TARKINGTON

GEORGE ADE

he seemed never to come to close quarters with the major facts, and it is in dealing with the major facts that the drama finds its great opportunities. Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton says somewhere that when one breaks the little laws the big laws begin to operate. Fitch never broke through the minor facts. The moral situation is rarely faced in his plays, and when it arises one rarely feels the compelling, irresistible, unescapable pressure of the moral energy of life; a life in which, as Mr. John Morley has said, morality is not *in* the nature of things—it *is* the nature of things. The author of "Beau Brummel" and "The Climbers" was a fresh and keen observer of surface details; his range was wide and his characters were brought together as clever men often collect their materials, not by the working of an inward and vital power of selection, but arbitrarily and casually. He was an immensely clever note-taker rather than a profound observer; his women are truer to life than his men, but they often have some inconsistent weakness of character; and a shrewd critic has said that the people in Mr. Fitch's plays are little people.

He had, however, a genuine dramatic instinct and he had the comic spirit; he was almost always interesting and entertaining. He worked with almost incredible rapidity, as did Mr. Marion Crawford, and the charge of writing for money was often made against them both. In neither case was that charge true; both were possessed by a fury of work and a kind of automatic creativeness. Mr. Fitch had a mind of lightning-like rapidity, and slow-witted people always think that a sure sign of mental or moral disease. Crawford, like Balzac, lived in an imaginary community, the members of which were born, grew up, married, begot children, quarreled, intrigued, died, without the conscious aid and beyond the control of the man who, in spite of his great productiveness, could never keep up with the growth of the children of his brain. Clyde Fitch loved his work, lived in and for it, and could not do otherwise. For him life was a spectacle of inexhaustible interest; but it was not a tremendous moral process in which character was the word of fate and fortune, and the sum and substance of the drama.

The charming rococo play of Mr. Booth Tarkington, "Monsieur Beaucaire," is one of those achievements of skill which register the interest of American novelists in the play as a literary form and the dexterity of technique which the quickest of them acquire after a very brief apprenticeship. Work of this immensely clever sort is significant of tendency, and is to be taken seriously, not for what it accomplishes, but for what it predicts. The comedies of Mr. George Ade, on the other hand, are not only amusing, but touch with a light hand phases and aspects of our society and manners and interests of the moment; they play on the surface of things like fugitive summer lightning, but they reveal real things. On one hand, we have this light and witty handling of the

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dramatic form; on the other, we have a presentation of realities held too close to our eyes. In the first group of plays the emphasis is on technique; in the second it is on material. In the second class belong such plays as "The Fourth Estate," by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford, in which the editorial machinery, the clang and clatter of the composing-room, are so directly brought to bear on us that we are stunned rather than illumined. In plays of this order life is presented, but not represented; the raw material is given us, but the art which would arrange, interpret, and dramatize it is lacking. Hence we have melodrama rather than tragedy. Such plays as Mr. Edward Sheldon's "The Nigger" and "Salvation Nell," by a young graduate of Mr. George P. Baker's courses at Harvard, share the same defects; they bring things so close to us that there is no perspective; we come away with the feeling of having seen things, but not of having seen through them. There is far more promise, however, in pieces of this sort than in the most finished pieces of the academic quality; here at least is life, and life holds the fullest potentialities of art.

The interval between the acting play—the play, that is, that can be successfully presented to the eye and ear in the theater—and the so-called literary play has been successfully bridged by Mr. Augustus Thomas, a skillful playwright who knows the theater by heart, so to speak, who has definite ideas and charming literary skill. "The Witching Hour" and "The Harvest Moon" are delightful examples of the drama of happily combined elements of success: a real motive, skillful construction, entertaining dialogue, and that touch of poetry to which even the sluggish imagination responds. There are, too, a kindliness in Mr. Thomas's wit, a sympathy in his work, which take it out of the hard and unhuman atmosphere which envelops so many plays of the day. A little autobiography will throw light on the tone of Mr. Thomas's plays—the spirit that radiates from them:

After Farragut ran the New Orleans blockade my father took direction of the St. Charles Theater in New Orleans, then owned by Ben DeBar. When he returned to St. Louis in 1865 I was in my seventh year, and my earliest recollections are tinged with his stories of Matilda Herron, John Wilkes Booth, and others who played in that theater. Father was an orator of considerable ability, and I remember him, for the amusement of my mother, reciting long speeches from Kotzebue, Schiller, and Shakespeare. In his association with the theater he took me very early to plays, and I have always been an attendant; consequently dialogue seemed the most natural literary vehicle. I found later that this impression was justified when I discovered that the most telling things in Homer and later Greek poets and philosophy were in dialogue—that this was true of Confucius and of Christ.

I began writing plays when I was about fourteen years of age. When I was sixteen and seventeen, an amateur company that I organized played in certain railway centers on the old North Missouri Railway for the benefit of local unions of the workingmen. In 1882 I made a dramatization of Mrs. Burnett's "Editha's Burglar." With this as a curtain-raiser and a rather slapstick farce called "Combustion," I made a tour of the country with a company that I organized, and with which I ran in debt several thousand dollars. In 1889 a four-act version of "The Burglar," arranged by me, was played in New York and was successful, and since that time my royalties have enabled me to give my attention on the business side exclusively to play-writing.

You ask why everybody who knows me is my friend? I might answer laconically that it was because they didn't know me thoroughly, but, dismissing that defensive assumption of modesty and making such self-inquiry as I can, I think I have a capacity for companionship from the fact that I was painfully poor as a kid. My consecutive schooling stopped when I was ten. I gave up all attempt to attend school, even irregularly, when I was thirteen. Between that age and my twenty-second year I worked in various sections of the freight departments of railways. Most of the midday meals of that time I took from a tin bucket. This meal was in the company of freight-handlers on the platform, men recruited almost exclusively from the Irish at that time in the Middle West; or the meal was with the brakemen in the switch shanties, these brakemen generally Americans rather near the soil; or was with the engineers and firemen in their cabs, or on the running-boards of box cars with trainmen. Without knowing it I acquired the ability of getting the other fellow's point of view, and when I got old enough not to be overwrought by sympathy that was inclined to be too partisan, I found an immense intellectual enjoyment in watching the interplay between temperament and environment. I think this answers your question. I have retained a gossip's ability to be interested in most anybody else's affairs.

If I might add one other factor that I think has had some weight, it would be this: So many years ago that I forget its source I read somebody's statement that the surest cure for the blues was to promptly and actively do something, not for one's self, but for some other; and I believe that I have occasionally won the good will of people in a rather selfish application of this panacea.

Mr. Thomas's plays have their cohesive principle in the working out of significant and interesting ideas rather than in the evolution of character. It is evidence of the

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PERCY MACKAYE

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

keen sense of the greatness of the forces that play through life in our time that the contemporary novel of real power and the contemporary play of vital quality are concerned with general conditions and powerful tendencies rather than with the unfolding of character. Our most vital writers are dealing with the time (for the time is always the concurrence of certain ideas and forces) rather than with manners—the way we carry ourselves in relation to one another. Behind "The Harvest Moon" there is a formative idea of the deepest interest, and again and again in the play there are those spurts of poetry which are as welcome on the stage as oases in a desert, and as refreshing.

Mr. Boker's poetic plays waited long for worthy successors, but have at last found them, and in numbers so large as to constitute a kind of fulfillment of ancient prophecy. For it is a curious and interesting fact that, while many of our old-time critics at home and abroad gave us the most positive assurances that idealism and art would find their grave on this continent, and, above all, that the dramatic instinct would perish under the prosaic conditions of our life, there have always been those who have steadfastly announced a notable revival of the drama in America and have discerned in our tidal activities the specific elements out of which the play is compounded.

The drama is clearly, one might almost say irresistibly, laying its spell on men and women of sensitive imagination. It is reported by professional readers that a stream of plays in poetic form flows by them with increasing volume and rapidity—a stream, for the most part, of wasted but not insignificant effort. For what the sensitive respond to with inadequate power the strong feel and express. The poetic plays that get into print to-day form a literature of such magnitude that it can be represented in an article of this kind only by selection and chiefly by quotation.

Of the drama in England a well-known critic has said:

> The truth is, our dramatists have long since forgotten that the English language is still the medium of the English drama, and that no branch of literary art is worth a word of praise that wantonly divorces itself from literature. The foolish dramatist who was once loquacious concerning what he was pleased to call "the literary drama" condemned his own craft in a single phrase. No doubt, prosperity being essential, the audience of our theaters must share the blame with their favorites. Too idle to listen to exquisite prose or splendid verse, they prefer the quick antics of comedians, and in their ear, as in Mr. Pinero's, "theatrical" has a far more splendid sound than "dramatic." To sum the matter up, that poets have failed upon the stage is no compliment to the professional playwrights, who believe themselves the vessels of an esoteric inspiration. It merely means that literature and the drama travel by different roads, and they will continue to travel by those roads so long as the actor is master of the dramatist, so long as the merits of a drama are judged by the standard of material prosperity. After all, to get your puppets on and off the stage is not the sole end of drama, and modesty might suggest that it is better to fail with Tennyson than to succeed with the gifted author

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who is at this moment engaged in whitewashing Julia.

While there is truth in this statement, there is also a misleading inference; for the play must be primarily a play, and not a piece of beautiful writing. Its literature, in other words, must reside not solely in diction, as does d'Annunzio's, but in structural quality and character, in power of moral interpretation, in vitality of motive, in force of imaginative reproduction. The literature in Shakespeare is not in eloquent speeches and beautiful phrases chiefly; it is in the central conception which shapes and irradiates the drama and makes it living tissue instead of a tissue of eloquent language like some passages in "Modern Painters." That a play is a fine piece of composition is no evidence that it *is* to be a classic; that it moves a mass of people to tumultuous applause is no evidence that it is *not* to be a classic. The essential thing is that it shall live; and live not in detached passages, but from the heart outward to the stage directions.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

The new school of playwrights in this country who are inspired by the dramatic feeling rather than by the fascination of stagecraft, and the emphasis of whose work is therefore rather on the literary than on the acting side, naturally draws its practitioners from the ranks of the younger men and women. If you want to know what is coming, go to the young; only make sure that you go to those who have youth of imagination and feeling, and not simply impressionable inexperience. Many of these young dramatists come to the drama by way of the lyric.

This is the artistic history of Mr. William Vaughn Moody, whose early work gave promise of lyrical power, not without suggestions of the blight of the academic influence. There was a moment of life in the "Ode in a Time of Hesitation" which brought joy to the heart of people who are eager—especially eager just now—for the living voice of poetry, and not for cultivated references to the Muses. There came later the impressive dramas which dealt, not imitatively, but with a certain degree of freedom, with the myth of Prometheus; dramas which rose now and again to such dignity of phrase that one felt the Miltonic influence. These pieces, like others of their kind, are dramatic poems, and are likely to have their place in our literature; but they are not plays. Mr. Moody's plays are "The Healer" and "The Great Divide," both at the farthest possible remove from the academic exercise or the writing that flows with a pleasant musical sound from a generous culture. These are real flesh and blood plays, which respond daringly to American conditions, open great horizons, bring characters of elemental energy and audacity on the stage, and by their breath and freedom make us feel that they are very possibly the giants that go before the gods and announce their coming. "The Great Divide" is, at bottom, as elemental as if its action had taken place in the stone age. That is what makes it significant and hopeful. It evokes the passions that sleep under our conventions like the earthquake forces under the gardens of Sicily. It is the old struggle of the man and the woman, the sources of which are found in the deepest recesses of nature, and will always issue thence wherever there are great natures; subdued and directed but not extinguished by the intelligence of the woman outraged and sinned against, and yet big enough and with enough of the elemental surviving in her to understand whence flow the poetry, the creative energy, the romance, of life. One can put his hand on a dozen faults in this play; but they are more than atoned for by its vitality. The breath of life is in it:

> I know what you're saying there to yourself, and I guess you're right. Wrong is wrong, from the moment it happens till the crack of doom, and all the angels in heaven, working overtime, can't make it less or different by a hair. That seems to be the law. I've learned it hard, but I guess I've learned it. I've seen it

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written in mountain letters across the continent of this life. . . . Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed to hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potter and patch up. You might as well try to batter down the Rocky Mountains with a rabbit's heart-beat!

(*He goes to the door, where he turns.*)

You've fought hard for me; God bless you for it! . . . But it's been a losing game with you from the first! . . . You belong here and I belong out yonder . . . beyond the Rockies, beyond . . . the Great Divide!

But she goes with him!

Half a dozen plays stand to the credit of Mr. Percy MacKaye, and he is still a young man. From the beginning he has revealed an imagination of epical grasp—the power of seeing things on a large scale—and the command of the lyrical note; much of his verse, despite a certain roughness of diction, has a fine poetic quality. His robust humor, breadth of manner, and easy rise into the region of pure song were disclosed in "The Canterbury Pilgrims," one of his earliest plays, in which the springtime mood and atmosphere of Chaucer invest the very free treatment of the material with an inspiriting sense of poetry:

Chaucer:

Boy, let me hug thee!

Squire:

Noble sir!

Chaucer (*embracing him*):

A hug!
Spring makes us youths together. On such a day
Old age is fuddled and time's weights run down.
Hark!

(*A cuckoo sounds; they listen*)

The meadow is the cuckoo's clock, and strikes
The hour at every minute; larks run up
And ring its golden chimes against the sun.

Squire:

Sir, only lovers count the time in heaven.
Are you in love, too?

Chaucer:

Over head and heart.

Squire:

Since long?

Chaucer:

These forty years.

Squire:

Nay, is your mistress
So old?

Chaucer:

She's still kind.

Squire:

Kind, yet old! Nay, what's
Her name?

Chaucer:

Hush, she will hear thee.

Squire:

Hear me?

Chaucer (*mysteriously*):

Hush!
Mine own true mistress is sweet Out-of-doors.
No Whitsun lassie wears so green a kirtle,
Nor sings so clear, nor smiles with such blue eyes
As bonny April, winking tears away.
Not flowers o' silk upon an empress' sleeve
Can match the broidery of an English field.
No lap of amorous lady in the land
Welcomes her gallant as sweet Mistress Earth
Her lover. Let Eneas have his Dido!
Daffydowndilly is the dame for me.

It is in "Mater," however, one of the latest of Mr. MacKaye's plays, that one recognizes his capacity for invention, his courage of insight, the potentialities of original work in him. Here is a bold and confident grappling with American conditions and the play of a perfectly fresh and untainted temperament through them, the opening of a spring of pure joy in the monotonous grayness to which a less vigorous nature would succumb. How like a ray of sunshine "Mater" plays through that overwrought home—as indifferent apparently to moral issues as nature on a spring day when there is a riot of joy in the woods and fields. How her temperament sets the contrast between its spontaneity and the feverish strain of overheated, self-conscious righteousness when she breaks into the rigidity and rigor of it:

Michael. "Something doing." It's the quack showman's motto of the age! Under that banner, we harvest a million acres of wheat to fill a hundred millions of mouths, and we rear up the mouths to be filled with the wheat. Under that banner, we move a continent of freight cars to consume steel rails, and we disembowel the continent for steel to move the freight cars. Under that banner, we fell mountains of forest to feed a myriad presses with Sunday editions, and we set up a myriad presses to devour the wood pulp. "Something doing!" Motion, my friend. *Motion* is the God of such as you, and, so far as you can, you make yourselves in his image.

He's a glorious Titan—your *Motion!* His brow is of gold and his bowels of brass; his biceps of iron and his thighs of silver. His beard is black smoke. His heart is pure steel. Within his head he has a billion wheels, and when he opens his mouth to speak through his beard, the clang of his voice is the noise thereof.

Look in the morning above the cities, and you shall see his hair obscuring the day, and his eyes like arc lights. In the palm of one hand he holds the great god Pan—no taller than a pygmy; and in the other fist he clutches a worm called Man. "Behold me!" he cries to the heavens; "even from this worm have I arisen, and even to this stature have I grown beyond this pygmy. Behold me, you sun and moon! Am I not Busy? Am I not Big? I am the Lord of Hosts—I am Prosperity! I am—"

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Mater (*entering*). Button! Button! Who's got the button?

Michael. (*glaring desperately as she approaches with his coat*). Mater, Mater, how you do interrupt!

Mater. Boy, you carried off the button in your pocket. (*Feels in his pockets and finds it.*)

Michael. Damn the button!

Mater. Shh! Remember this afternoon! You can't address the Reform Club with a whole heart—and one button missing.

The whole play is, in a phrase,

"The best of love is laughter;"

but what a liberating phrase in our tumult of work, our clanging of machinery, our violent endeavor everywhere to bring everything out of its hiding in our natures and make it articulate and rational! In our desperate attempt to force everything to explain itself, to abolish mystery, to believe only in the little superficial part of life we can understand, there is no criticism so stinging, so pungent, so penetrating as laughter. It *is* the best of love—the soul of which is not in what it can give us, but in its power to set us free; for love is not the musician who makes a harmony *for* us, but the musician who makes a harmony *in* us.

The poetic play is helped by a background which the past age alone can furnish, and we find Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan's very interesting "Lords and Lovers," with a single exception, laid in a remote past in which the materials that most readily yield romantic effects are found. Here are plots which Shakespeare might have handled largely developed in the Shakespearean manner, and often, in paragraphs and sentences, suggesting the master's construction and diction. The plays abound, however, in flights of fancy, in figures and images, in turns of phrase, which are not only modern but feminine, if one may venture to suggest a difference not in degree but in kind, which it is becoming ungallant if not dangerous to recognize. So Kent says:

"It was not you, my heart. But say it were,
Should I pull down my heaven because a bird
Makes flying blot against it? 'Tis the doubts
That darkly flitting show love's constant sky
Forever radiant.
. . . . . .
Dearer than life, good-night.
I leave my prayers like candles set about you,
And as they fail think of me on my knees
Renewing them from heaven."

Shakespeare himself would not have scorned lines so finely compounded of the stuff of imagination and the magic that hides in words such as these:

"Her princess feet like well the solid earth.
She is a flower that sips of sun and dew,
But feedeth most from root-cups firm in ground;
While you are made of music, love, and air,—
A being of the sky—a lover's star,
Although he be a king. The grace of heaven
About your beauty plays, and drops as soft
Upon my eyes as light from the lark's wing."

One hears the Shakespearean tone in such lines as these:

"Methinks were I the King,
Or Pembroke with his power in my mouth,
Each English road should be ablaze to-night
With swift flint-striking hoofs.
. . . . . .
Yet England sleeps, with one lone heart at watch."

Mrs. Dargan has dramatic feeling, and at times dramatic fire; her plays are eloquent, which means that she is still in the lyrical mood; but such a drama as "The Shepherd," a Russian drama of seven years ago, opens into a fresh field and perhaps indicates the road that will lead her into the heart of her own time.

There is much to be hoped from Mrs. Marks, whom we know better as Josephine Preston Peabody, whose "Marlowe," published several years ago, was an ambitious and interesting, if not wholly successful, drama. Her later play, "The Piper," attempts less and accomplishes more. It has action, passion, atmosphere, poetry; and the old legend of Hamelin town—dear to childhood these centuries—takes on the dignity of a real character study and a dramatic collision of the free spirit with the dull stupidity of a conventionalized life. Hamelin is not the city of destruction, but it is the city of the dead; only the children and two or three of their elders are alive. Frugality has become avarice, order has become rigid conformity, love is a mere habit of association. Burgomeister and syndic and sacristan, cobbler and butcher and smith, are mere shadows of living men, and the city is a gray, monotonous prison. Out of such a joyless place children are bound to flee when the first note of freedom rings in their ears, and the Piper is the restless spirit from beyond the mountains whose alluring call we all hear at times. Barbara, the Burgomeister's daughter, hears it because the spirit of adventure, the spell of the immortal romance, is stirring within her; and they all go to their several fates as men and women will go to the end of the story, and for that reason we call it a

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story. Beside the old well—Barbara and he alone—the Piper puts the soul of the legend in a few phrases:

Piper:

Weep not, I say. First, loose you, heart and shoes,
From Hamelin. Put off now, the dust, the mold,
The cobble-stones, the little prying windows:
The streets that dream o' *What the Neighbors Say*.
Think you were never born there. Think some Breath
Wakened you early—early on one morning,
Deep in a Garden (but you knew not whose),
Where voices of wild waters bubbling ran,
Shaking down music from glad mountain-tops,—
Where the still peaks were burning in the dawn,
Like fiery snow,—down into greenest valleys,
That do off their blue mist only to show
Some deeper blue, some haunt of violets.
No voice you heard, nothing you felt or saw,
Save in your heart, the tumult of young birds,
A nestful of wet wings and morning-cries,
Throbbing for flight! . . .
Then—for your Soul, new wakened, felt athirst—
You turned to where that call of water led,
Laughing for truth,—all truth and star-like laughter!
Beautiful water, that will never stay,
But runs and laughs and sparkles in the heart,
And sends live laughter trickling everywhere,
And knows the thousand longings of the Earth!
And as you drank it then, so now, drink here.

From this rapid survey of a few representative plays out of many that are worthy of extended comment these facts and tendencies in recent American play-writing reveal themselves:

A rapidly widening interest and activity in the field of dramatic writing;

A copious production of acting plays dealing with American society and with the situations which arise out of our National life;

The existence of an increasing number of plays in poetic form and of poetic charm, bearing witness to the endeavor of the imagination to gain command of dramatic expression;

A deepening of that sense of life which is the moving impulse of art;

A sanity of interest and attitude which evokes from art its ancient service of joy and reconciliation;

That restraint of speech which evidences neither cowardice in the presence of the facts of life nor the prudishness which betrays the knowledge of corruption, but the endeavor to deal with dirt not as dirt but as the soil out of which the spiritual climbs and grows and makes the perishing earth significant and explicable.

A new sense of liberation from artificial conventions and deadening routine, and from the sterility of energy divorced from love and human sympathy;

The birth of a larger and more inspiring idea of life, rising above toil and wealth and resting in a full and free development of the human spirit.

THE RIDERLESS HORSE

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Close ranks and ride on!
Though his saddle be bare,
The bullet is sped,
Now the dead
Cannot care.
Close ranks and ride on!
Let the pitiless stride
Of the host that he led,
Though his saddle be red,
Sweep on like the tide.
Close ranks and ride on!
The banner he bore
For God and the right
Never faltered before.
Quick, up with it, then!
For the right! For the Light!
Lest legions of men
Be lost in the night!

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BY THE WAY

"There are houses on Cape Cod that have the actual slant and curve of the ship's cabin," says Miss Anne Hathaway in the "Country Gentleman," writing of these products of the retired ship captain's fancy. The remodeling of such a house into a most attractive modern cottage, while yet retaining its quaint touches, was done at a cost of less than $1,000.

A new North Atlantic service is to be inaugurated early next year by the Norwegian-American Line, two fine steamships having been built especially to ply between Bergen, Christiania, and New York. Bergen is only about the same distance from New York as Liverpool, and a State railway has been built which will connect the seaport with the interior of Norway and with Sweden. Both tourists and emigrants are expected to patronize the new line.

A new method of securing pure drinking-water for schools, factories, and domestic use has been introduced in France. It consists of a device for sterilizing water by the electric current. A commercial college of Paris is reported to purify in this simple way the drinking-water for 200 students; and the North Railway Station has also installed the apparatus in its waiting-room.

The fickle nature of popular crazes is shown in the almost total cessation of bicycle-riding as a pastime in this country—and the renewed interest in bicycle-riding as a professional sport. A week or so ago Madison Square Garden in New York City was jammed to its capacity almost every night during a six-day professional bicycle race. It looks as if an increasing number of Americans were willing to take some of their exercise by proxy, especially when this is accompanied by the excitement of strenuous competition.

A few years ago the enterprising advertising manager of a Pittsburgh newspaper offered a free box in a theater to every advertiser who took a page in his paper. This practice grew until almost every advertiser demanded a free theater ticket. Now the Pittsburgh papers have got together and abolished this form of premium. They also declare that henceforth they will not accept free passes from the theaters.

This is certainly the age of the specialist. The daily papers announce that an artist who makes a specialty of painting the portraits of dogs has just come from Europe to make pictures of the bird-dogs belonging to the owner of a great estate in North Carolina.

"The will to live" kept Charles Wolcott, aeronaut, alive for seventeen years after falling 3,000 feet from a balloon and receiving terrible injuries. In 1895 he jumped from his balloon, and his parachute refused to open till he was within 200 feet of the ground. His feet, pelvis, left arm, and many of his ribs were fractured, his knees and hips were dislocated, and his spine was injured; but he refused to die, and eventually recovered and resumed his profession! His case is said to be without parallel.

The widow of one of the Titanic's victims is setting an example that other grief-stricken women might well follow. She is devoting herself to helping crippled children, 250 of whom were her delighted guests lately at a performance of "Cinderella." "Sometimes," this lady, Mrs. H. B. Harris, is reported as saying, "I think that my own trouble is more than I can bear. But when I look at those poor little creatures I find something outside of myself and my memories to think of."

Among hobbies which are on the decline is that of the collecting of manuscripts of famous books, for the reason that almost all books are now printed from typewritten copy. To fill the gap thus left, however, another field offers interesting possibilities; namely, the collecting of photographs of historical personages. This might be combined with the collection of autographs, which avocation now fills the leisure of many persons with the joy of pursuit and of possession.

Ninety per cent of the patrons of the Trans-Siberian Railway, according to a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine," are English-speaking; but very few of the railway men speak English, and the station signboards are in Russian only. In this latter respect China and Japan are less insular; the railways there placard the stations' names both in English and in the native language.

The aviators are trying to equal the record of the balloonists in reaching high altitudes. Roland Garros recently drove a monoplane to a height of 19,032 feet near Tunis. The balloon record is 34,500 feet, but in this case the balloonists became unconscious when that great height was attained.

Theodore Watts, says Charles Rowley in his book "Fifty Years of Work Without Wages," tells a good story against himself. A nature enthusiast, he was climbing Snowdon, and overtook an old Gypsy woman. He began to dilate upon the sublimity of the scenery, in somewhat gushing phrases. The woman paid no attention to him. Provoked by her irresponsiveness, he said, "You don't seem to care for this magnificent scenery?" She took the pipe from her mouth and delivered this settler: "I enjies it; I don't jabber."

An ideal spot for a newspaper man's vacation, if a writer in "Travel" is correct, is the tiny republic of San Marino. No newspaper is published within that little country's limits! It is probably the only republic in the world (except the other tiny republic of Andorra) which can lay claim to such a distinction.

The Great White Way of New York City sees nightly during the height of the season, according to an estimate in the New York "Evening Post," $50,000,000 worth of limousines. This assumes that there are 10,000 such cars, each costing $5,000, engaged in transporting their users to theaters, operas, etc. The estimate as to both number and cost of the cars is liberal, but the parade of these limousines certainly constitutes one of the sights of the metropolis.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, once candidate for President on the suffrage ticket, recently celebrated her eighty-first birthday. She is still actively engaged in the practice of the law. She is certainly one of the oldest practicing lawyers in the world.

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